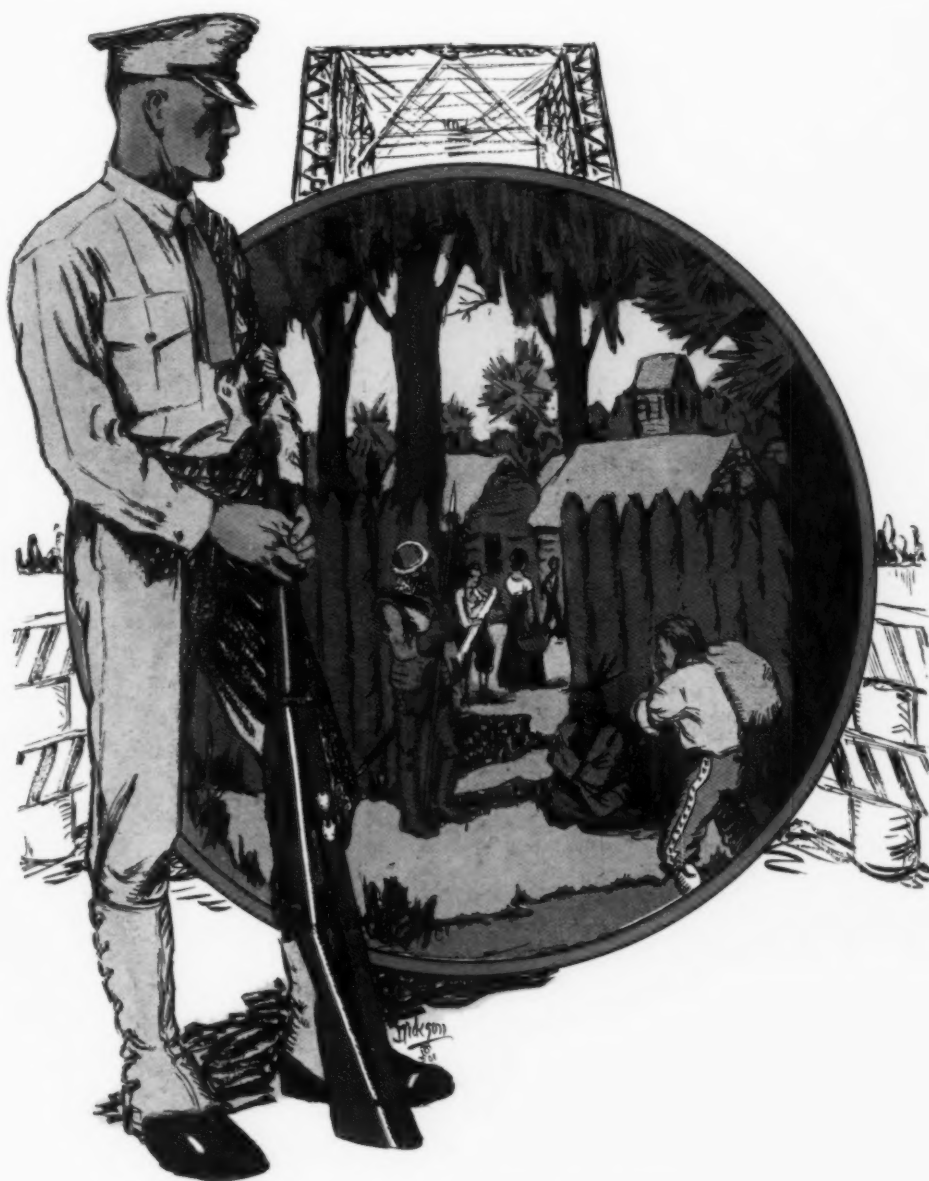


# THE LEATHERNECK

August, 1935

Single copy, 25c



PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA

To knit and spin  
was not much fun  
When 'twas my sole  
employment  
But now I smoke  
these Chesterfields  
And find it real  
enjoyment



*Mild... and yet.. They Satisfy*



## PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE



Platoon 8, San Diego. Instructed by Cpl. E. D. Smith and Cpl. R. L. Tyson (See page 30)



Admiral Sellers greeting President Roosevelt at Annapolis during June Week. Marines acted as Guard of Honor.



**SHIPPING OVER AT SAND ISLAND**  
Left to Right: Corporal Reeves, Captain Fricke, Sergeant-Major Larn, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke (See page 29)



Platoon 10, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Wilson and Corporal Williams (See page 20)



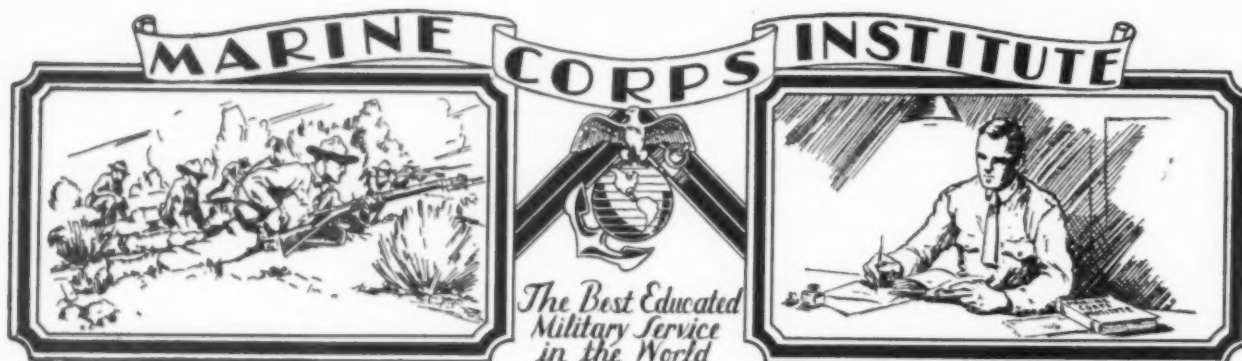
**I'll never let you down  
I'm your best friend  
I am your *Lucky Strike***

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

*Copyright 1935  
Philip Morris Inc., New York*

**LUCKY STRIKE  
"IT'S TOASTED"  
CIGARETTES  
LUCKY STRIKE**

*Try me  
I'll never  
let you  
down*



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☐ Spanish  
☐ Mechanical Eng.  
☐ Navigation

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Organization \_\_\_\_\_

Station \_\_\_\_\_

# The LEATHERNECK

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## Life

**L**IFE—who has ever really analyzed the word which Webster defines as “an individual human existence?” And of those who have, who has studied it in all its phases—its joys and sorrows, its beauty and its ugliness, its disappointments? Few, and yet to most humans life is the most vital, the most wonderful thing in the world.

It is our heritage, it is our birthright, and while that Unseen Hand, which guides the course of each human life, mercilessly counts off each milestone, it behooves us who are blessed with the power to DO, to take free advantage of the waning hours and enjoy to their fullest extents our individual courses over that unknown mysterious sea.

Circumstances have altered the lots of many—circumstances over which we may or may not have had control have thrown us together in a common bond—the Service, and more intimately—the Marine Corps. Many of us were drawn by the call of the sea, others by the glamour of landing parties, and still others for reasons less nobly controlled, perhaps, by the curious tricks of fate. But no

matter why we are here we are united by a common bond, in a service governed by glorious traditions and high ideals, and our opportunities while a part of it are limited only by our own ambitions.

Many of us will devote our lives to the Service, and if we take full advantage of our opportunities, do the things we CAN do, we will be able to say—“Life has been worth while.”

And how many men who have run their race are able to say that? How many are able to say that they are without regrets, are able to feel their accomplishments and the pleasures life afforded?

Those who can, face the end unafraid—to them as to all men whose lives have been worth while, “Death will be the greatest adventure of an adventurous and eventful life!”

## Finding Your Line

**A**T a class reunion of an eastern college there was one member of the class who had never been heard of since the class graduated. To the astonishment of the other members, who had learned to know each other quite well, this man turned up at the twentieth reunion. They were sitting around, each one telling what he had done in life. Some were lawyers, some doctors, some business men, but all of them were men of affairs in one way or another. At last they came rather diffidently to the man of whom they knew nothing.

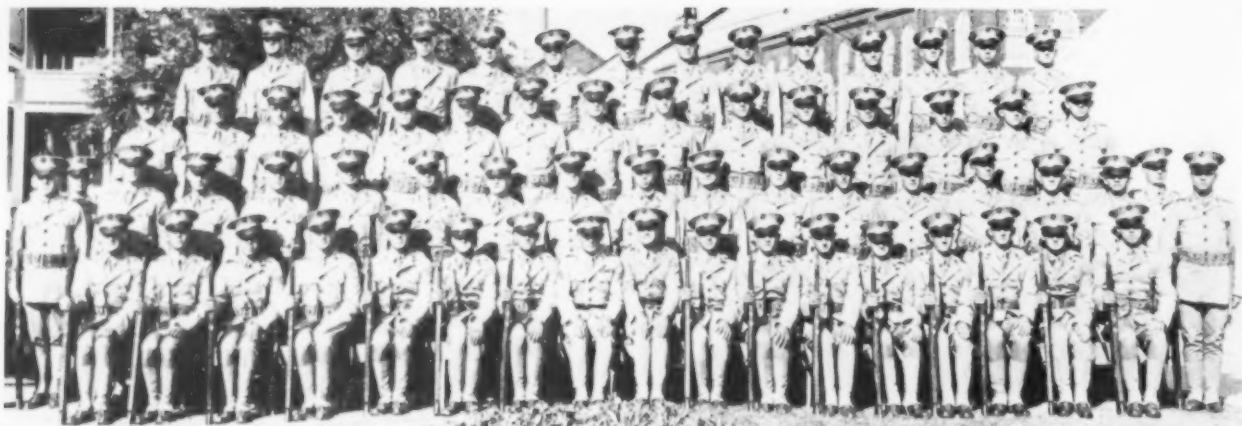
He began: “Well, when I graduated, my father sent me to medical school, and after being there nearly a year I did not like it, and left it. And then my father set me up in a business, like his own, in a small town, and after being at it for two years I did not like it. Then I said to my father, ‘Why don’t you let me do what I want to do?’ And my father wearily said, ‘Go ahead!’ So I went to sea as a common seaman and sailed all over the world, to every port where there was merchandise, and I saw the world. I gradually worked up from being a common seaman until a few years ago I became master of my own ship, a sailing vessel. Oh, she is a lovely craft; she will do anything you want. I sail in her from one end of the seas to the other. You should see her!”

One of the up-to-date members of the class said, “Why don’t you get a steamship and get somewhere?”

He answered, “I wouldn’t chug along in a steamboat for all the money you could pay me. There is no motion in all the world like that of a sailing ship. You glide instead of vibrate, and every now and again there comes a calm day, and you can’t go anywhere; then you take a backgammon board or a book and sit down in a sunny spot and spend the whole day enjoying life!” He stopped, then continued: “My ship’s just a few miles from here, and I am starting in three days to be gone six months. Won’t some of you fellows come with me?” But all of the men were so busy that they did not have the time to come with him in his ship.

And yet they all wondered whether, after all, this man had not found the secret of life which they had missed. The secret of life is to find your line, and that was what he had found. Only a small proportion of human beings ever do find it, for most people go around the world doing what other people think they ought to do. Those who find their line are assured of distinction in the world, and, what’s more valuable, happiness.—J. EDGAR PARK in *Walla Walla*.

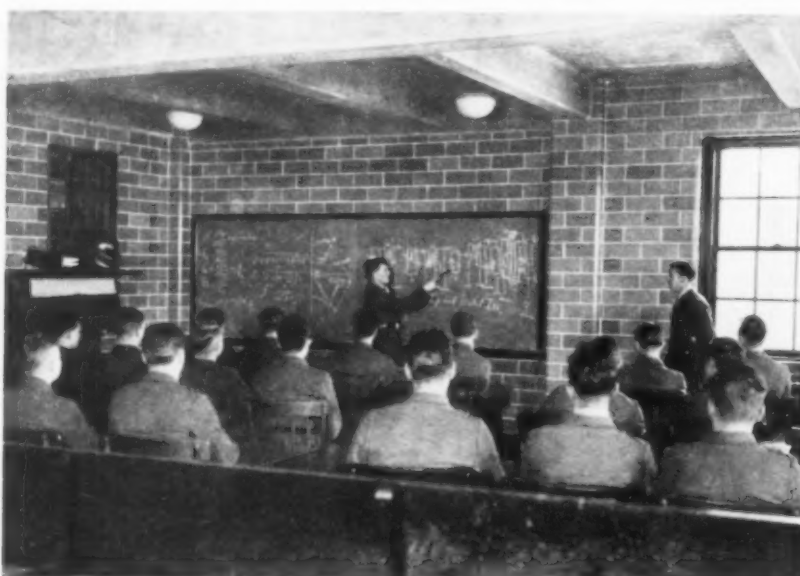
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Platoon 7, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Clark and Corporal Walker (See page 20)



LT.-COL. ROY S. GEIGER  
New Commandant of Aircraft One



Math Class, First Signal Company (See page 24)



THE "SKEETER" BAND  
The armored car, Drum and Bugle Corps and Color Guard of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment (See page 36)



COLONEL ROSS E. ROWELL  
The new O.I.C. Marine Aviation

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# THE LEATHERNECK

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NUMBER 8

## A MARINE LOOKS AT HAWAII

BY GAYNOR PEARSON

**U**NCLE SAM sent several thousand of us to the "Cross-roads of the Pacific" this summer. You didn't go, perhaps, and this modest treatise may interest, or even enlighten you.

Fleet Problem XVI is completed, and we have gone our unremembering way—reminiscent, however, that Hawaii is a *great* place. The islanders made it so! Entertainment was on every hand. The Territory, alone, appropriated \$65,000 for our pleasures—thereby affording us the opportunity to absorb the good things of Hawaii. Every Marine visitor probably feels as John Noble, who wrote the new hit, "I Want to Learn to Speak Hawaiian," who says: "I've learned to say 'Aloha Nui Oe,' The sweetest little words I ever knew. And when I am a 'Kawaaina,' It's going to thrill me thru and thru."

Mark Twain once spoke of the Hawaiian Islands as "the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean." Hawaii, warmed by the tropical sun, cooled by the northeast trade-winds, is rightly called "The Paradise of the Pacific."

The group of twelve was formed by "volcanoes and coral-builders working hand in hand." In order of their size, the eight inhabited islands are: Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, and Kohoolawe. The total area of the territory is 6,454 square miles.

The people of Hawaii are Polynesian. The women possess soft, rhythmical voices, and the men are friendly and intelligent. The spirit

of *Aloha* is predominant among both sexes. Apocryphal it seems that a people once addicted to sliding down Mount Tantalus or Diamond Head on a flat board, *Papa Holua*, at a dangerous neck-breaking velocity; or who is to be seen nonchalantly riding the waves at Waikiki with transcendent grace could be passing into non-existence. In olden days there were 250,000 Hawaiians; today there are only 22,000. There

are more Japanese (139,000) in modern Hawaii than there are Americans and Hawaiians combined. Execrating it is, but it is a question of only a few generations before the Hawaiians, as a people, will be only a memory. One writer says: "Foreigners introduced diseases unknown before. The people had never been moral according to Anglo-Saxon standards, the marriage tie being of the loosest, polygamy a common practice and fidelity an unknown virtue. This meant that the diseases of civilization could do their worst. The race, already decimated by war, decreased rapidly under the scourge of measles, smallpox, venereal disease, and strong drink."

Only the misinformed visit Hawaii expecting to see girls wearing grass skirts on the street, for such has never been the case. The habitual old-fashioned street garb was the *Pa-u*, for women, and the *Malo* for men. The former was a short skirt of *Tapa* cloth made from the inner bark of the mulberry or the breadfruit tree, the latter was nothing more than a loin-cloth. Both were brilliantly colored with vegetable dye from trees, berries, etc.

The grass-green-skirt is worn for



Going Aloft for Coconuts



Tropical Sunset

the *Hula*, a sacred dance, only. The grass dance skirt for religious ceremonies was introduced from the Southwestern Pacific Islands. It allowed free movement of the body. Often it was performed with powdered heart of sandalwood or the flowers of the *Kamani* tree. The dance was accompanied with the *Ukulele*, nose-flute, gourd, or a weird monotonous chant. The ukulele, which means "jumping louse," is of Portuguese derivation. The nose-flute is played no more, and the hula itself has been changed to cope with the ethics of civilization.

May Day is *Lei* day in Hawaii, but every day is *Lei* day in Honolulu. Old women in "halaku" gowns, and brown-skinned maidens sell the flowered garlands on street corners every day of the year. Thrown about the shoulders of a friend they signify the "aloha" (greeting), and when departing the "aloha-oe" (farewell). The leis are of many colors—the Hawaiians love color.

Venders also sell fruit at exorbitant prices. A recent article stated: "In a land of coconut trees, one rarely sees a coconut on the market, other than the polished shells for tourists." However, coconuts were displayed extensively in Honolulu. The usual price was three for twenty-five cents. It is also of particular interest to note that there are no billboards in Hawaii. Neither are there rabies nor snakes. The first two were annihilated by law, and the latter never existed. Legend says that a woman, Lailai, in 500 A. D., was the first inhabitant of Hawaii. She and her husband, Kealiwahilani, the Hawaiian Adam, were the progenitors of the race.

Another tradition is that in 1125 the Polynesian Paao, and a company of thirty-eight, arrived in outrigger canoes at Puna from Samoa or Tahiti. Erroneous historians have said that the first white man to discover the islands was John Gaeltano, the Spanish navigator, in 1555. Others correctly write that Captain James Cook, B.R.N., discovered the islands while on an exploration in the South Pacific "to observe the transit of the planet Venus across the face of the sun" on January 18, 1778. Captain Cook, and his men, were worshipped as gods, and of them the natives wrote: "The men are white, their skin is loose and folding; their heads are angular; fire and smoke issue from their mouths; they have openings in the sides of their bodies into which they thrust their hands and draw out iron, beads, nails, and other treasures, and their speech



The Capitol, Formerly Royal Palace, Honolulu

is unintelligible." A series of unpleasant incidents led to misunderstanding, and on February 14, 1779, Captain Cook and four Marines were killed by the natives. It was seven years before another ship stopped in Hawaii.

On August 16, 1928, in Waimea the people of Kauai commemorated the discovery of the islands. On that day a detachment of Marines and others from one American and two British battleships marched down the streets of the little city to Hapokele Park, where with great pomp and ceremony the dedication took place.

The first man to consolidate and rule the islands was Kamehameha the Great. A stately statue of this king, the most striking personality of Hawaiian history, stands amid palms in front of Aliioli Hale in Honolulu. Kamehameha I united the islands only after bitter conflict with rival chiefs. He died on May 8, 1819, and was succeeded by Kamehameha II, who abolished the *Tapu* system and developed the great Sandalwood trade.

Sandalwood, which was used in China for incense, made the islands rich and famous. American traders monopolized the traffic, and in a few years the supply was expended. Hawaii has only several sandalwood groves to-day. Until the discovery of petroleum in 1859, however, the whaling industry kept Hawaii at the commercial forefront.

With the exception of a partial Russian occupation in 1817, and a brief British ascendancy in 1843, the Hawaiian Islands remained independent. Admiral Thomas on July 31, 1843, freed them of England's control, and in Stone Church on that day King Kamehameha III uttered the words which became the motto of Hawaii: "*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono*" (The life of the land is preserved by righteousness).

The reciprocity treaty, admitting most Hawaiian products into the United States duty-free, was adopted on September 9, 1876. A closer association was the result, and finally, after internal trouble, the Republic of Hawaii transferred its sovereignty to the United States. At noon on August 12, 1898, on the lawn of the Royal Palace, the ceremony took place. As the beautiful Hawaiian flag was lowered, the *Hawaii Pono* was played for the last time as the national anthem of an independent nation, and Old Glory was raised to the strains of *The Star Spangled Banner*.

Honolulu, a city of approximately 140,000 inhabitants, might be described as an American town showing



Silhouettes Against the Sky



Waikiki Beach, Diamond Head in Background



Hula Hula Entertainers, Honolulu Y. M. C. A.

Hawaiian characteristics. As tourist-handling is the third largest industry, Honolulu is modern in every respect. It has a general telephone system, fast electric railways, periodicals published in seven different languages, and two radio stations; KGU alone has over 20,000 listeners in the islands. The healthful climate promotes great strides in athletics. Water sports, especially, and other games are popular. We read of the Maui runner, Obel Borge, winning the Rainbow Relay mile in 4:36.

The Aloha Tower, and 100,000 gallon tank ("World's Largest Pineapple") of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company decorate the industrial skyline of the capital city. *Lei* saleswomen, female Japanese barbers, and "Learn the Hula in 10 Lessons" places are kaleidoscoped along the side streets.

Waikiki, the rendezvous of the sun worshippers, is, of course, Honolulu's pride and joy. Other features, however, make the city a tourist's paradise. Moanalua Park, "Wherein the hand of man enhances Nature's glory," is justly famous for its Japanese garden and Flame trees; Kapiolau Park, the largest in the city; the Royal palms at Punahou College; the University of Hawaii campus, which is not exceptional; the coral gardens of Kaneohe from a glass-bottomed boat; and the scene of King Kamehameha's Victory, the *Nuuuanu Pali*, are only a few scenes of beauty to be found in Honolulu. It was over Pali (precipice) that Kamehameha drove the troops of his enemy. The aesthetic character of the view from this point cannot be photographically reproduced, or adequately described. If Rousseau exclaimed at Saint-Pierre "I would that this instant might live forever," what would he have said at Pali? The Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum is a treasure of scientific research worth anyone's time seeing. King Kamehameha's traditional cloak of extinct mamo bird feathers is there kept. The *Auulaa* took years to make, and were worn only by the nobility. A smaller cloak of similar yellow feathers was viewed by the writer in the Academy of Arts. Waikiki, "spouting waters," Beach is 3½ miles from Honolulu, and is the scene of the historical 15,000 man "Peleeu Fleet" landing of Kamehameha I in April of 1795. He established headquarters at what is now the Outrigger Canoe Club.

Old Diamond Head (some seamen

once discovered calcite crystals there and thought them diamonds) is in the foreground—the Gibraltar of the Pacific. The Outrigger Canoe Club, and notable hotels Royal Hawaiian and Manoa flank the white sand beach.

No sharks infest Waikiki because of the shallow water—they never cross the coral reefs. For shark-fishing fearless Hawaiians go east in Koko Head Bay. 'Tis said they dive under and stab the man-eaters in the belly—the only vulnerable section except the nose. Waikiki is surprisingly small. The green water, which rolls violently to the shore, is 78° the year round.

Surfboard riding, *Heenaluu*, is most truly the "Sport of Kings." High Chief Paki, and Queen Liliuokalani (she wrote the beautiful Hawaiian song "Aloha Oe") were once enthusiasts. Duke Kahanamoku, of Olympic fame, and Clarence (Buster) Crabbe, the cinema-actor, are present day surfboard fanatics. The surf rider, with board, swims far from shore. He lies flat on the board and swims inward until a roller, usually the second one, carries him—at thirty miles an hour—on its crest shore. To see a bronzed Hawaiian rider standing upright, gracefully coasting lightning-like to the beach is a sight never to be forgotten.

In days of yore there were two kinds of surfboards, i. e., *olo* for royalty and high chiefs only, and *Alaia* for others. The *olo* was made from the light, buoyant Wiliwili tree, and was 18 feet long, three feet wide, and six inches thick. The *Alaia* was made from the *Koa* and breadfruit tree, and was not over two inches thick.

Present-day surfboards may be rented on the beach at fifty cents per day.

The panoramic masterpiece of the islands is the crater of Haleakala on the valley isle of Maui. The view from the summit, scores say, is one of the most impressive in the world. On clear days all of Hawaii can be seen. The 10,000 foot dormant, "House built by the Sun" is 20 miles around, 2,720 feet deep, and 19 miles square. Maui has a volcanic freak in the Iao valley which is called "The Needle." Wailuku and Lahaina, two important cities in Maui, are connected by Maui's Amalfi Drive. Wailuku, "Water of Strife," is so called because Kamehameha dammed a stream near the city with corpses.

Lahaina, first capital of the islands, is a drowsy (Continued on page 49)



Try This on Your Surf Board



# MUTE WITNESS

BY HAROLD TITUS

**H**AD it not been for his little white setter, he could have come into town at any ordinary time and attracted no notice at all, because he was of that quiet, unobtrusive sort, belonging to backgrounds.

Surely, coming as he did in the midst of the resort real estate boom, he would have commanded only the mildest sort of wonder as to his identity and business if he had been alone. But he was not alone; he had his Jill, and few saw them without taking a second look.

At that, the attention was almost entirely for the dog until, observing that the pup was with an outsider, we thought casually he was probably another speculator looking for likely pieces of lake frontage to option—because, just then, almost all transients were scrambling for desirable locations.

No, Ned Chetham was not the kind to stir much curiosity. Even after the frontage excitement died down he was identified generally as Jill's owner; and although he had lived here two years it was not until his arrest that he was really known or talked about.

Jill was a little thing, almost frail, you'd think, until you saw her in action, but built on God's own pattern for the breed. Her set-up would catch the eye of a bird-dog man every time, but her appeal extended away past the elect. She was white; twenty feet off she seemed to be pure white; close up you could see tiny lemon tickings on her ears and chops, but that was all the color she bore. Her coat had luster like a fine Oriental rug, and, even as a puppy, she was feathering out beautifully.

She was shy as a country girl and kept at Chetham's feet continually. When he stood for a while, she would sit on his shoes and lean against his shins, ears hanging back to accentuate that expression of extreme sensitiveness; and now and again she would turn those soulful brown eyes and gaze into his face, as if to assure herself that the one being who mattered was still close by.

When Ned was on the go, Jill was ever close at heel—sniffing at one of his hands occasionally, much as a child will at intervals touch the garment of a beloved parent. Such beauty and adoration in a dog compel the eye and stir the emotions of many sorts of people. Certainly everyone in the town was stirred by Jill.

"Dog collars?" Hessel had asked in response to Ned's query when the newcomer walked into his store for the

first time. "I carry 'em, but don't know whether I've got one fancy enough for *that* dog! Looks like a certified check to me." This, as he was taking down a box of collars.

"Bet a dozen folks have noticed her and asked me who you were." The stranger did not respond, and so, as he spread his stock on the counter, Hessel asked, "Going to locate up here with us?"

Ned looked at him briefly then, as if to determine whether this were just nosiness or genuine, hospitable interest.

"Yes; I bought kind of a farm," he explained, with a half smile. "The old Radebush place, I guess it's called."

"Oh, sure. Great view from up there!"

The other nodded. "I'll say!" You naturally liked his smile and his deep, gentle voice. Hessel went on, making conversation. "And lots of birds in the hills behind you!"

"Birds galore!" Ned spoke from the heart, then, and glanced down at the dog.

"Little girl pretty good on 'em?"

"She shows some promise," the boy answered, with that repression which indicated that he voiced only a small fraction of what he believed.

Radebush farm, eh? He couldn't be in on the frontage thing, then, because the place was too far back, situated at the head of a valley which fell off to a bay between two big promontories jutting into Lake Michigan. It had been worked only casually the last few years; the buildings were run down and only a remnant of the once thriving cherry orchard was left. But the stranger didn't look like a farmer, either. Perhaps he was this, perhaps that. But decent looking; nice smile . . . And what a dog; *what* a dog!

A few nights later Ned was back in the hardware store; he had no buying errand and it was evident that he had walked the

three miles to sit with that gang and listen to its talk. He came again and again, exceptionally quiet at first, gradually growing a trifle more communicative, never asserting himself, always amiable, kindly, and modest. He had tolerance for the opinions of others, and, when asked for his, would state them simply, frankly, and in a manner that made even disagreement wholly disarming. We came to like him immensely; anyone would have who knew him. It certainly was a shock when they brought him in, charged with murder.

Bits of his story had come out in the course of the two



At dawn they found McIver, his life torn out by a charge from a close-held shotgun



years. He had grown up as a bird-dog handler, and finally, after years of effort, had bred the pup which he and his father before him had looked for and dreamed of.

"There's no money in dogs," he said once. "A funny satisfaction is what you get. What you accomplish is all your own; it comes out of you. About once in so often a handler who really loves 'em gets a dog that he feels is the best ever put down in a field trial. Then . . . and then"—blushing like a bashful boy making a confession—"nothing else counts for anything!"

His flush and the tremor in his voice told it all! He thought he had the makings of a champion in Jill; he had given up everything else to develop her; and he had found a place where she could have seclusion and plenty of birds, and where he could wangle out a living for himself while he brought her up. All his hopes and ambitions were concentrated in the future of the trig little setter.

He stayed close to his place that first winter, and came to town only when necessary, walking in with that clinker of a setter at his heels, and soaking up the companionship in Hessel's as gratefully as a chilled man will soak up heat. Travelers along his road were few, but for them all he had a wave and a greeting at the least; if they stopped he always took time for a bit of visiting. A nice, human young fellow!

"The old orchard's no bonanza!" he had laughed after his first cherries were off. "But then, after the country gets over its frontage boom, sightly locations ought to be worth good money."

The excitement of the previous fall had flattened, and realtors, were hard hit, and that is the only misfortune a good many people were getting a bad reaction to their former enthusiasm. Melver and Buckwith, our leading which has bearing here, because if their affairs had gone right Lynn Melver might be alive today. He had faith in future development and wanted to hang on. Buckwith, older and more cautious, was of another mind; and so they dissolved partnership, in all friendliness, and set out to solve their problems, each in his own way.

"Tough for Melver," Ned Chetham had said when the matter was talked over in Hessel's. "Don't know Buckwith so well; anyhow, he's no family. Mac's right, though, this stuff'll be worth money some day!"

"Would you sell out?" someone asked.

"Sure! I've never made any money; time I did. Pretty soon I'll have to quit living just for dogs, even for as good a dog as Jill."

Hearing her name, the setter looked up into his face, eyes filled with worship and admiration.

"How's she coming along, Ned?" Hessel asked.

Chetham gave his modest smile, but his eye gleamed brightly.

"Drop out some afternoon and see for yourself."

So, in October, when it was legal to work dogs on game, though the shooting was not yet open, Hessel went out to watch Jill perform. He said it was something beyond words. He had never seen a dog with such qualities: nose, speed, tractability, judgment, and style. She positively had everything a dog could hope to have, he declared, and Hessel was no novice, either.

"And he's going to let me shoot over her!" he said, tickled as a boy at some much-cherished prospect.

Ned had promised that, but he never made good. It was one of the things remembered and raked up after his arrest. He came to town a week after shooting began, and stopped in the hardware store.

"Well, how's she go? Hessel asked, all primed to be given the word to come out for a day with the dog.

"Oh, so-so. She's got a lot to learn."

"Don't expect too much from her this year."

Ned gave an odd laugh for a boy in his twenties. "Don't worry!" His words were strangely bitter, too.

"She acted like a wonder when I saw her."

"She sure did."

But something had happened to Ned. He was definitely changed. He still smiled, but with his lips and not with his eyes, if you get the difference. He came in less frequently, and was as silent as he had been on his arrival. Not even dog talk would draw him out, and when people praised or questioned him about Jill he seemed downright morose. Yet he had an even greater affection for the dog, and was forever holding her head in his lap and stroking her ears. A queerly moody fellow, for certain.

Ned's chance to cash in on the resort value of his place came suddenly. He could double his money, but still this was not so much as he thought he should have, considering the nature of the deal. And that was the thing which furnished the motive in the case against him for Melver's killing.

Neil Buckwith had met Ned that October afternoon, as the young man drove into town, old horse ambling along, dog beside him on the seat, leaning close to his side as if afraid he might get out of reach.

"Just coming to see you," Buckwith said. He put a foot on the hub. "Are you still in a mind to let your place go?"

The younger man grinned. "I was."

"Meaning what?"

"I sold yesterday; gave Melver an option, anyhow."

Buckwith snorted. "So he got that, too, did he?"

"Been buying some others?"

"I'll say he has! Got most of that valley except the Dutchman's. I bought that last night." He hesitated. "Now that it's gone, do you mind telling what you got?"

"Thirty-four hundred."

Buckwith laughed. "You're a sucker, Chetham! I'd have paid double that. He'll get a hundred an acre! D'you know what's behind this?"

"He said . . . that is, he intimated it was somebody who wanted a cherry location."

"Cherries your eye! A bunch of Chicago millionaires

are buying the whole valley for summer places and a country club. Your place is the clubhouse site. Thirty-four . . . Well, Lynn certainly got a buy! He—" (Continued on page 42)



He finally gave in and let Chetham have the dog with him



### EXPECTING TOO MUCH

Sir Richard Gregory, at a librarians' conference at Oxford, told the following story to illustrate the danger of expecting even librarians to know too much.

A Bishop was staying at a rather gay country house. When he came down to breakfast one morning there was only a little girl in the room. "Good morning," said the Bishop. "Can you say the Lord's Prayer?" The child promptly replied, "Yes, sir," and said it. "Very good," said the Bishop. "Do you know the Commandments?" The little girl immediately repeated the Commandments.

"That is excellent," boomed the Bishop. "Now do you know the Catechism?" To which the child replied brightly, "Damn it, I'm only seven."—*Royal Army O. C. G.*

Fish Dealer: "Fresh, lady? Why, this fish breathed its last just as you came in the door."

Customer (sniffing): "And what a breath it had!"—*Exchange.*

Marine: "Hello, cutie, I wanna buy a small mirror."

Sales Girl: "Oh yes, a hand mirror, we have—"

Marine: "Naw smartie—a face mirror—I kin see my hands any old time."—*Walla Walla.*

Lady—Now, then, I want to ask you something once more and I want the truth. This parrot has never been around people who swear, has he?

Pet Shop Proprietor—Hell, no, lady!—*Jokes.*

"Hello, old man! What's the trouble?"

"I've been to a fortune-teller."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing. Just gazed into the crystal—and gave me my money back."—*Wasp.*

The beautiful young widow walked in to the cocktail lounge and sat down. Nearby she perceived a dark and handsome young blood. Ah! Here was fun. She cleared her throat with a "come hither" sound. The fellow didn't look up. She coughed expectantly. Still no effect. A moment later her small silk handkerchief fluttered to the floor. The young man turned to her with a bored look, and rasped "Lady, my weakness is likker!"—*Tennessee Tar.*

### AWAITING JUDGMENT DAY

The circulation manager of THE LEATHERNECK salvaged from the morning mail a copy of the magazine which had been sent to Private Blank and was returned by the postal authorities with the word "Deceased" written across the envelope. This particular piece of mail had not been returned very promptly, however, and in the meantime the current number had already been mailed to Private Blank. A week later this issue was also returned, bearing the polite notation: "Very sorry, Private Blank still deceased."—*Contributed.*



"Where is Jimmy this afternoon?"  
"If he knows as much about canoes as he thinks he does, he is out canoeing, but if he doesn't know any more about it than I think he does, he's swimming."

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys!" exclaimed the governor.

"And all Democrats, I suppose?"

"All but one," said the father proudly.

"They're all good Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin."

"Exercise like this constantly, Felix, if you want to look like Johnny Weismuller. Constant exercise will enlarge any part of the body."

"Then why doesn't my wife look like Joe E. Brown?"—*Walla Walla.*

### NEAT TRICK

At a seaman's fund benefit being held on one of the big ocean liners, a professional magician, on his way to make a European tour, was asked to contribute his services, to which he readily consented.

When the time came for his performance, he took the center of the room. Walking over to a table, he put his hand over a salt shaker and presto! It disappeared.

Standing close by to the table was a cage with a beautiful parrot who was taking in every move of the magician.

The magician took a handkerchief and covered one of the water tumblers and when he raised the handkerchief—presto—it disappeared.

This fascinated the parrot who could not take his eyes off the magician.

This magician then put a napkin over a decanter filled with water and—presto—decanter and water were gone.

The baffled parrot then watched the magician take a tablecloth and cover the entire table, with the intention of making it vanish, when a terrific explosion occurred, causing the boat to sink.

When the smoke cleared away, a steamer chair was seen floating on top of the waves and on this chair was the parrot. While he was perched there, out of the water, right by his side, came the magician.

The parrot looked at him. The magician went down crying for help. He came up again still crying for help, then sank. He came up for the third and last time and then disappeared.

The parrot sat on the steamer chair with his eyes riveted to the spot where he last saw the magician, for about seven hours, when finally, after much thought and awe, raised his head and said: "MARVELOUS!"

—*Legation Guard News.*

"Did I leave an umbrella here yesterday?"

"What kind of an umbrella?"

"Oh, any kind. I'm not fussy."

—*Pelican.*

Madge—They say she is very clever but I have never noticed it.

Marjorie—Of course not. She says all her clever things about you after you've gone.—*Pathfinder.*

## MONKS NO DIFFERENCE

A man entered a bookstore to buy a story of which he had forgotten the name. "It's a book about monks," he explained to the clerk. "A friend of mine told me it was good reading."

"Is it Doyle's story, 'The White Company'?" suggested the clerk.

"No, that's not it."

"Perhaps it's Stevenson's 'The Black Arrow,' or the 'White Cow,' or 'John Inglesant,' the clerk enumerated.

"I've got it," announced the customer suddenly. "It's 'Tarzan of the Apes'!"  
—*Funny Side Out.*



"I've got my doubts about this liquor."  
"Let's try it on Joe. He's sick anyway."

Bill—"I'm afraid to propose to her."

Tim—"Has she offered you no encouragement?"

Bill—"Oh, yes. She gives me a hot gin punch when I call, but one ain't enough."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Only two passengers had survived the shipwreck, a woman and a Scotsman. By the end of their second week their clothing was in tatters, their food was exhausted and the outlook was dark indeed.

"It just couldn't be worse," moaned the woman. "Ah, but it could," said the Scotsman. "I might have bought a return ticket."—*Kablegram.*

"What special studies is your daughter taking at college?"

"Cigaret inhalation, high-ball construction, and general cosmetics."—*Tenn. Tar.*

When the battle of Mobile Bay was over, and the ships had anchored, Lieutenant Commander Perkins who commanded the *Chickasaw* went on board the *Hartford* to report to Admiral Farragut. Perkins was a handsome, dashing fellow, bright and popular.

After calling on the Admiral he went below to the ward room where he found the officers standing around the table and the Chaplain with prayer book in hand just about to read the prayer of Thanksgiving for victory. Perkins stopped at the door, and the Chaplain seeing him, said in a solemn voice, "Captain, won't you join us?"

"No thanks, old man," replied Perkins, "I've just had two with the Admiral."  
—*Navy News.*

Math Teacher—"Now we find that X is equal to zero."

Student—"Gee! All that work for nothing."

—*American Boy.*

## EXACTLY

"On the day on which my wedding occurred—"

"You'll pardon the correction, but affairs such as marriages, receptions, dinners, and things of that sort 'take place.' It is only calamities which 'occur.' You see the distinction?"

"Yes, I see. As I was saying, the day on which my wedding occurred—"

—*Pathfinder.*

The daughter of the house, writes a Sandusky reader, was talking over the problem of what to serve her bridge club, a group of girls with finicky appetites.

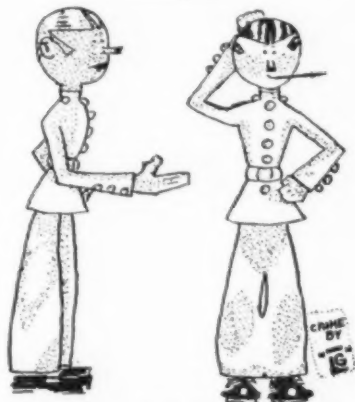
One girl disliked salads, one refused sweets, another never ate fruit and still another shunned meat.

"Well," her disgusted younger brother put in, "about the only thing left for that bunch is a good chew of tobacco."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The facetious young man asked the organ grinder if the last piece that was played was by Beethoven.

"No, sir," was the reply, "by Handel."  
—*The Chevron.*



First Marine: "What's Sergeant Ski all stuck up about?"

Second Marine: "He just finished his first novel."

First Marine: "Gee! You mean he wrote a book?"

Second Marine: "Naw. He read one."

Berlin Tourist (in Bavarian mountains): "What is the chief thing to be seen here?"

Native: "For a person from Berlin, the mountains. For the natives, tourists from Berlin."

—*Walla Walla.*

Mr. Callahan: Did you protest against showing the movie that represents the Irish as disorderly?

Mr. Murphy: Did we? We wrecked the place!

—*Exchange.*

A middle aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can. Chinaman passing remarked, "Americans very wasteful. That woman good for ten years yet."

—*Shipmate.*

Battered Boxer: "Ow many more rounds? One of His Seconds (gloomily): Only about 'alf a one, I'm afraid."

—*Walla Walla.*

## SOME JOB

During a spring maneuver at one of the service schools some years ago, the troops were effecting a night river crossing. A sudden rise in the river made the bridging equipment inadequate. During the early morning hours a man in civilian clothes came down to the river bank where some soldiers were pulling on a rope, the other end of which could not be seen in the darkness.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Lifting his eyes for a moment one of the toilers answered, "The — engineers didn't send us enough bridge and we are pulling the — banks closer together." And they bent again to their work.

—*Contributed by W. R. S.*

First Burglar—Did you put the night watchman to sleep with a sharp rap of your billy?

Second Burglar—No, darn the luck, I woke him up!

We would like to relate a little incident that happened to a Navy man when last in New York. This young man had been on one of those four-day inebriated trances that one often reads about. On completion of the last lap early Monday morning he discovered himself wandering about Grand Central Station. Being extremely hungry and finding that he had an hour to wait for the train back to Newport, he retired to the lunch counter of the station restaurant and proceeded to consume a large breakfast. The meal, however, was not particularly pleasant, since the waiter kept staring at him with a most amazed look. At last, our friend could stand the strain no longer. In order to break the tension and for lack of something to say, he casually asked the waiter if they had ever seen each other before. "Sure, Bud," was the reply. "You're the same guy that was in here ten minutes ago and ate a three-course breakfast!"

—*Exchange.*

First Business Man—"Old Sharklee is going to retire from business."

Second Business Man—"I heard him say that before."

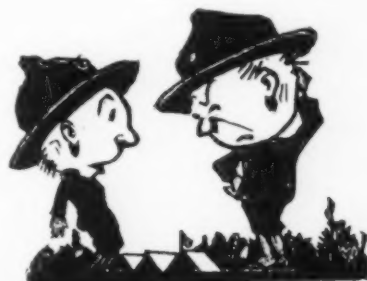
First Business Man—"I know, but the judge said it this time."

—*Regina Star.*

Lady: "You say this gun shoots six miles?"

Gunner's Mate—"Yes, ma'm, two of them shoot twelve miles."

—*W. Va. Mountaineer.*



Company Clerk: "If you added twenty-six thousand, nine hundred and twenty-three to eighty-one thousand, four hundred and twelve, what would you get?"

First Sergeant: "A wrong answer."





## THE OLD MARINE

By Burges Johnson

"Yes, I were once a Marine," said he,  
 "An' a most remarkable one.  
 An' you've little idee, from the looks of  
 me,  
 Of the bravery deeds I done.

"But I stirred up sort of a jealous rage  
 In the buzzums of all the rest,  
 Till I had ter resign fer the good of the  
 line,  
 As the admiral thought were best."

"But it isn't an admiral's job," said I,  
 "To tell a Marine to skid!"  
 He started slightly and answered politely,  
 "This kind of an admiral did.

"And you've no idee of the things," he  
 said,  
 "I seen in my long campaign,  
 From Mindaneco to Chiny and Rio  
 And all through the swamps of Spain."

"There ain't any swamps in Spain," said  
 I.  
 He answered in tone serene,  
 "Hev I got ter explain there's mor'n one  
 Spain,  
 An' there's swamps in the one I mean?"

"But speakin' o' swamps—in the Philip-  
 pines  
 The mud it comes down in showers,  
 And you'd certainly laugh ter see the  
 giraffe  
 I rode fer his wadin' powers."

"Giraffes in the Philippines?" I cried—  
 Perhaps I was too abrupt,  
 For he sorrowfully sighed and at length  
 replied,  
 "A gent doesn't interrupt."

"But speakin' of beasts—in the 'Straillian  
 bush  
 Is a thing called a Pattyplus;  
 One-half of it's bird, an' the rest—my  
 word!—  
 Looks terrible much like us.

"It can throw a stick called a rangaboom  
 With sech a peeculiar swing  
 That the thing it hits has curious fits  
 And runs around in a ring.

"But speakin' of runnin' around," said  
 he,  
 "When you come to the isle of Guam,  
 The women you meet ain't got any feet,  
 And yet they is brave and calm.

"An' my buzzum bleeds fer their helpless  
 state,  
 Fer none of 'em ever begs,  
 So I asks your aid fer a fund I've made  
 Fer buyin' 'em wooden legs."

"But I am a native of Guam," I said,  
 And he growled, as he shuffled by,  
 "I've wasted enough of expensive guff  
 On such a cheap sort of guy."  
 —Harper's Magazine, September, 1910.

## "ROUGE BOUQUET"

By Joyce Kilmer

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet  
 There is a new-made grave today,  
 Built by never a spade or pick,  
 Yet covered by earth ten meters thick.  
 There lie many fighting men,  
 Dead in their youthful prime,  
 Never to laugh nor love again  
 Nor taste the summertime.  
 For death came flying through the air  
 And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,  
 Touched his prey and left him there,  
 Clay to clay.  
 He hid their bodies stealthily  
 In the soil of the land they fought to free  
 And fled away.  
 Now over the grave abrupt and clear,  
 Three volleys ring.  
 And perhaps their brave young spirits hear  
 The bugle sing:  
 "Go to sleep! Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave  
 To hold the bodies of the brave  
 Than this place of pain and pride  
 Where they nobly fought and nobly died.  
 Never fear but in the skies  
 Saints and angels stand  
 Smiling with their holy eyes  
 On this new-come band.  
 St. Michael's sword darts through the air  
 And touches the aureole on his hair  
 As he sees them saluting there,  
 His stalwart sons;  
 And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill  
 Rejoice that in veins of warriors still  
 The Gael's blood runs.

And up to Heaven's doorway floats,  
 From the wood called Rouge Bouquet  
 A delicate cloud of bugle notes  
 That softly say:  
 "Farewell!  
 Farewell!  
 Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!  
 Your souls shall be where the heroes are  
 And your memory shine like the morning  
 star.  
 Brave and dear,  
 Shield us here,  
 Farewell!"

## A THEOLOGICAL DISSERTATION ON HEAVENS AND HARLOW

By TenEyck Van Deusen

The Norsemen had a theory  
 That on a warrior's death  
 He was flung up to Vahalla  
 On his last expiring breath.  
 And there he met the Valkyries  
 Careening through the sky.  
 Ah—if Harlow were a Valkyrie  
 I'd toss my shield and die!

The Islamatic theory is  
 A pearl without a price.  
 The ultimate in heavens,  
 A soldier's paradise  
 Where, beside a stream of liquor  
 The golden maidens lie.  
 Ah—if Harlow were a Hourie  
 I'd run amok and die!

The Christian heaven offers  
 A most exquisite land  
 All marble, gold and halos  
 A harp in every hand.  
 The angels there in Heaven  
 Are pure and white and neat.  
 Ah—if Harlow were an angel  
 I'm sure we'd never meet!

## REMUNERATION

By Dorothy Doane

Oh, pilots are a lordly lot,  
 I do not care who says they're not,  
 They charm you with a boyish grin—  
 Unlock your heart, and walk right in—  
 Then, when they've taken all they dare,  
 They'll in return give you the air.

## AN ODE TO AN AIRPLANE

By Fenwick Rodney McLeod

There's a tune that the wind plays on the  
 wing struts,  
 Like the touch of a hand on a harp;  
 Hidden songs to be heard by those listening  
 souls,  
 With an ear that is ready and sharp.

Oh, full many the tunes that I've hearkened  
 and heard,  
 As I sit in the hastening plane—  
 Strange airs with a meaning, oft clear, and  
 oft blurred,  
 By the rushing, now hushing refrain.

For whenever I'm leaving the town I hold  
 dear,  
 And the folks that are gentle and kind,  
 When my goggles are dimmed with a glisten-  
 ing tear  
 At the landmarks I'm leaving behind.

Then the tunes start to play on those wing  
 struts,  
 As steady as a soft whispered wish,  
 And the low, sweet melody answers as  
 much,  
 In a swish—and a swish—and a swish.

But when I come home and my heart's beat-  
 ing high  
 With a longing for those I would see,  
 Why, the clouds just go a galloping by  
 In a skip and a rush and a wheel!

And when dear old landmarks come looming  
 to view,  
 And my heartbeats begin to be quick,  
 Then the tune of the old prop takes the cue  
 In a clickety—clickety—click!

## THE LEATHERNECK



## THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

**ROAD TO WAR.** By Walter Millis (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Millis presents the hectic period of our pre-war days when we were "Too proud to fight," but somehow did. \$3.00

**THE PHILIPPINES PAST AND PRESENT.** By Dean C. Worcester; revised and enlarged by Ralston Hayden (Macmillan). The present unrest in the Philippines receives interest in this comprehensive and detailed study of historical and political activities in the Philippines. \$6.00

**THE CASE FOR MANCHOUKUO.** By George Bronson Rea (Appleton-Century). Why did Japan aid in the revolt of Manchuria? Read this book and gain a new angle on Japan's fight for existence. \$3.50

**IN TIME OF PEACE.** By Thomas Boyd (Minton, Balch). Bill Hicks, who served overseas with the Marines ("Through the Wheat"), discovers that the hardest battles were not in France. There are victories and defeats in peace time too. \$2.50

**ONE'S COMPANY.** By Peter Fleming (Scribner's). A reporter with a roving commission journeys through Russia and China, gathering material for this book. \$2.75

**CANNIBAL COUSINS.** By John H. Craige (Minton, Balch). A Marine captain tells the story of the occupation of the Black Republic. \$2.75

**PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.** By Charles Nordhoff and James Hall (Little, Brown). The third volume of the "Mutiny of the Bounty" stories. This relates the experiences of the Mutineers. \$2.50

**WHILE ROME BURNS.** By Alexander Woolcott (Viking). Sketches and memoirs of people, places and events. One of the outstanding books of the year. \$2.75

**LOOSE AMONG THE DEVILS.** By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart). An adventure-travel book of the better sort. Reporter Sinclair visits Devil's Island, Voodoo Haiti, and Black Africa, experiencing no few remarkable adventures, which he recounts in a pleasing and interesting manner. \$2.50

**THAT BENNINGTON MOB.** By Henry Barnard Safford (Julian Messner). A romance of the Green Mountain Boys and their fight against land-grabbers, Indians, and red-coats; Joel Safford, captured by savages, and held prisoner for two years. \$2.00

**ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS.** By Tatiana Tchernavin (Dutton). The bitter fight waged by one family of the educated class against the oppression of the Soviet police. \$2.50

**THE WHITE MONK OF TIMBUCTOO.** By William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace). A French priest with a mission in Timbuctoo, throws his future aside, renounces his position, and lives as his fancy dictates. Surrounded by books in fifteen languages, a native wife who bore him thirty children, the apostate achieves happiness and freedom. \$3.00

**SALT WINDS AND GOBI DUST.** By Capt. John W. Thompson, Jr. (Scribner's). A collection of Marine stories by one of the foremost writers of today. \$2.50

# BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

## AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

### WAR LORDS MEET

**THE CAMPAIGN OF THE MARNE.** By Sewell Tyng (Longmans, Green). \$3.75

For nearly half a century after the end of the Franco-Prussian War, European war lords developed offensive and defensive plans for the next conflict. In the summer of 1914 they put them into effect.

Numerically inferior, but younger and more carefully selected, the German soldiery swept forward in their invasion. The Belgians flung them back on their heels, giving the harassed Allies time for a more complete mobilization.

According to plans conceived long before, the Germans knifed their way through, with the French High Command reacting exactly as anticipated. The armies clashed. There were battles and skirmishes. Each, believing the war would prove to be a short, bitter struggle, with victory the reward of the first advantage, strove for the strangle hold. Slowly the Germans drove their adversaries back.

"From the Sambre to the Vosges, the Allied armies had been defeated and were in retreat before a victorious enemy. For the moment, at least, the initiative had definitely passed to the Germans. . . .

"The reverses of the French armies, the retreat of the Belgians to Antwerp and of the British from Mons had, indeed, been tactical failures, but they had been far from decisive defeats."

The Germans were unquestionably the victors, but they did not pass "unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the Battle of the Frontiers."

There was sharp fighting around Soissons and Chateau Thierry (towns well known to Marines who survived them later). Then, suddenly, the retreating Allies turned about and snarled back. In a desperate counter assault, they regained considerable lost ground.

Mr. Tyng has developed an interesting document, not only as a military study, but as enjoyable reading. His material, as he explains, was drawn from all sources, and every effort was made to offer an impartial report of the great battle of the Marne.

### COLLECTED VERSE

**WINTER IN MAINE.** By Charles G. Wilson (Knowlton & McCleary). \$1.75

For the past several years occasional bits of verse from the pen of Charles G. Wilson have found their way into the pages of *THE LEATHERNECK*. Now these and others have been collected into a single volume, entitled "Winter in Maine." Comprising eighty-six poems of various types, the collection offers something to everyone. Ballads and Elizabethan sonnets are overwhelmingly in preponderance. The subject matter ranges far and wide, from a bird on a telegraph wire to Morgan's raiders sweeping across the Ohio River onto Yankee soil.

Most of our readers may recall Mr. Wilson's "Bunker Hill to Woosung":

The dwarfish men of Nippon  
Took Woosung fort last night,  
And hung their sunburst banner  
Upon the Corpse-strewn height.

The broken men of Canton  
Tossed empty guns away  
And left the shell-torn craters  
Where dead companions lay;

And as they stumbled backwards,  
Sullen, dogged, brave,  
Methinks a corpse turned over  
In far new England grave:

For in a Yankee churchyard  
Old Israel Putnam heard  
The ragged volleys falter  
As in his tomb he stirred.

From Bunker Hill to Woosung,  
From Boston to Shanghai,  
By rivers Charles and Yangtze  
Brave men know how to die.

The characters who people the pages are a cosmopolitan lot: the village doctor, printer, lumberjack and artist.

There is no question but what Mr. Wilson writes more artistically in his longer poems, as "Decommissioned," "Salute to Adventurers," "Sea Fantasy" and others of similar length.

### ORDER BLANK

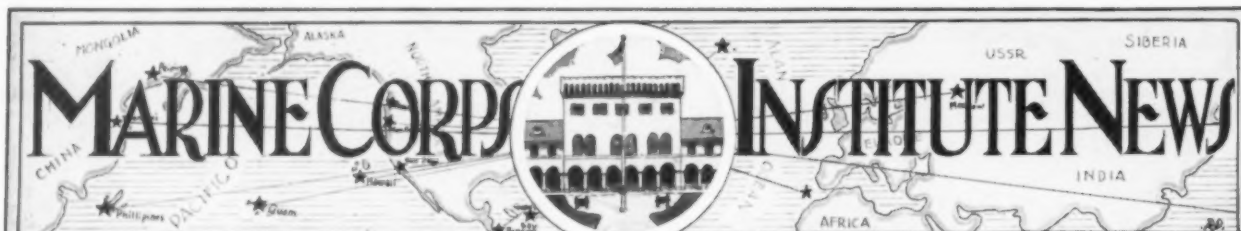
1935

**THE LEATHERNECK,**  
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find ..... for ..... Dollars.  
Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

WRITE ADDRESS  
PLAINLY

Address .....



## THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

**HERE** is every indication that so long as there are business activities there will continue to be a most urgent demand for the thoroughly trained and experienced accountant. But, without training or experience, this information means little to the average Marine—because the opportunity is open only to one who is qualified.

The Marine Corps Institute Courses in Accountancy are planned for THE BEGINNER, THE EXPERIENCED BOOKKEEPER, and THE ACCOUNTANT. The first section, Bookkeeping, develops the subject in the simplest way. Previous experience is not at all necessary. The elementary assignments give a beginner the proper foundation in bookkeeping, and affords the experienced bookkeeper an excellent review which can be completed within the minimum of time. The second section contains advanced work in bookkeeping, cost accounting, and auditing procedure, and appeals to those of our students who have passed the fundamentals of bookkeeping and elements of accounting. And, for those who desire to continue their studies, the Institute offers an excellent review of basic principles and the section of the course devoted to System Design and Installation, Income Tax Accounting, Business Law, Organization, and C. P. A. Coaching. Through this complete training the student will be equipped with the necessary knowledge and ability to pass the C. P. A. Examination.

Many students desire to prepare themselves for clerical positions which require a knowledge of bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, and modern office methods. Our Commercial Courses are especially designed to equip the student for a position as bookkeeper, stenographer, or private secretary. He may begin with bookkeeping or he may study shorthand as the first subject of his course, if he has a fair knowledge of English. The Gregg System of Shorthand is easy to learn and develops speed and accuracy. Typing usually follows, and together with Secretarial Studies, gives instruction in all the subjects necessary to qualify the student as a first-class stenographer. The Marine Corps Institute also offers the related course, Business Cor-

respondence, which is designed to teach the fundamental principles of high-grade business-letter writing.

**SALESMANSHIP**—Good Salesmanship shows and proves quality before asking the price and presents the goods, instead of forcing them down the buyer's throat. Salesmen must be trained, and they must understand certain basic principles necessary to success.

The Salesmanship Course teaches the student, first how to study and develop his mental nature, his personality. With a great knowledge of himself and of other people, he can turn his attention to the de-

veloping of his sales instinct. This is accomplished by learning the principles of courteous explanation and reasoning. What we need is confidence, and the conviction that we can be successful, but that, we know, must be developed. In this respect the study of Salesmanship has proven ideal, for in order to succeed, we must first be able to sell ourselves.

Study law; study business economics; study accountancy; study salesmanship; anything that may in any way have a bearing upon business, not particularly your business, but any business—all business. Study broadens a man. It is the helping hand that lifts him beyond his everyday tasks and opens the gates ahead.

Some people say that "opportunity knocks only once at every man's door." But the fellow who would have you believe that if you don't take advantage of it the moment it looks at you it is a lifetime's loss is just a plain fool. Why? Simply because there is no law of man which prevents us from knocking at opportunity's door just as often as we please. The man who knocks often enough is going to find opportunity at home one of these days; the door is going to be open. And—if he is prepared, he wins.

## THE SCHOOL OF CIVIL SERVICE

The School of Civil Service provides courses designed to prepare students for any type of government examination that they may desire to take. The lessons in these courses have been prepared from the questions given in recent government examinations. These

courses are designed to give the student the best possible preparation for securing an appointment. They are concise yet thorough courses covering everything the student must know.

The keen competition in this field of employment makes it mandatory that the competitors have a thorough knowledge of the type of questions to be given in the government examinations. It has been proven that many persons not possessing a college, or even a high school education, have, after studying one of our Civil Service courses, passed the required government examinations and received appointments. (Continued on page 49)

## MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES



Gy-Sgt. John J. Ahern, Chief Instructor, Business School.

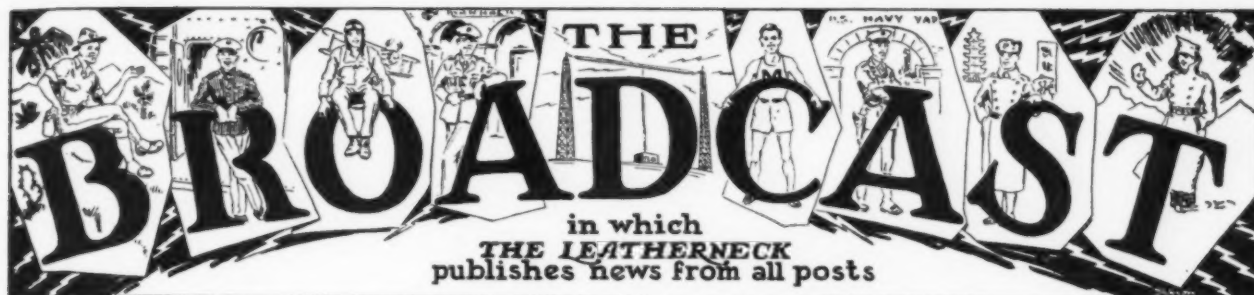
*Characteristic of those who take full advantage of opportunity when it knocks, Marines enrolled in courses furnished by the Marine Corps Institute have been responding lately with a veritable flood of lesson papers. This increased activity is tangible evidence that they realize how necessary it is to equip themselves with additional knowledge in order to vie successfully with such competition which may present itself within the Corps or in civilian life.*

*The Marine Corps offers a wide field of endeavor. To men imbued with a determination to advance, but without the necessary educational qualifications, the Marine Corps Institute extends the privilege of enrolling in their choice of a practically unlimited number of courses of study.*

*Success in any line of endeavor must be purchased by hard conscientious study and training. Too many of us are prone to seek the possibility of advancing*

*our standard of life by accepting the line of least resistance, that is, through experience alone. Wise though it may be as a teacher, experience is a slow and costly path up the ladder to the top. Too often one is passed by men on the way up who have had a later start, but who have accepted the truth that knowledge is better gained by hard study tempered with experience.*

*The man who stints himself of a few hours of his spare time for study; who has given thoughtful preparation for the job ahead, and who has trained himself to be ready to compete for a higher "billet," is the one who reaps the reward.*



## Detachments

### BEAUTIFUL CHARLESTON, S. C.

By J. B. King

Friday, June 28th, was a hectic day for the Marines of the Charleston Navy Yard and the citizens that live adjoining the Marine Corps reservation. At about 7:00 A. M., this day, the entire command with the exception of about ten men set out in the direction of North Charleston, S. C., under the command of 1st Lt. H. T. Nicholas, U.S.M.C. Everything was moving along nicely until the advance guard approached the vicinity of the Iron Dog Woods and was fired on from the thicket that borders the wood. Sergeant King, the NCO in charge of the advance party, immediately returned the fire, and placed his men in position to safeguard the main body. Sergeant McGowan moved his men to reinforce the advance party, and a reconnoitering party was sent out in the direction from which the fire came. Pvt. "Lightning" Padgett, a member of the reconnoitering party was the first man to reach the thicket and he was fired on from all directions by the ambush party. Padgett evidently was shot several times before he decided to get in the prone position, and typical of a good Marine, he took his shots and laid there returning the fire from the direction which it came. The outcome of the whole affair was that the Marines flanked the enemy and took ten prisoners. These prisoners, we found out, were our own Marines whom we had thought were left at the barracks, but Lieutenant Nicholas had directed Sergeant Novatney to take these men and lay an ambush for us as we passed. After the prisoners had been given the "works," it was disclosed that Private Padgett had been shot ten times, and that Corporals Hemingway and Henry had their heads shot off. These men immediately inspected themselves and were satisfied that they still had their heads and had used them to good advantage in capturing the enemy. Privates Barber, Carpenter, Morris, and Peacock were reported half-shot, but first aid was not administered after it had become known that they are about half shot all the time, and seem to enjoy the effects. This little episode brought our MCO No. 41 on Bush Warfare to a close for the present, and from reports originating in the first sergeant's office, all men participating in the skirmish received an "S" in their service record book. Pvt. "Lightning" Padgett was decorated with an Iron Dog.

For the benefit of all the men in the Marine Corps that have served at these

barracks some time in their career, and still have a desire to be here again, we that are here sympathize with you and wish you were here to enjoy our splendid semi-monthly dances, the cooling and refreshing ocean breezes, and the pleasure of serving with our new Commanding Officer, Lt-Col. F. B. Garrett. Space will not permit going into detail regarding Colonel Garrett, but he has the respect and full cooperation of the entire command who are ready at all times to prove through honest



LT-COL. F. B. GARRETT

Commanding Marine Barracks, Charleston, South Carolina

effort that they appreciate all that has been done in their favor. We are with Colonel Garrett 100 per cent in all undertakings . . . . Another reason for the men of the post feeling contented is due to the excellent CHOW. Our Fourth of July dinner, with the help of the Post Exchange Officer, was one that will keep the boys talking a long time. The Francis Marion Hotel does not put out any better food than that which we had. After dinner was over, the remaining food was gathered up and placed on two mess tables, and the men were at liberty to help themselves all afternoon to the left-overs.

WE WONDER: . . . If our post barber,

Herman Kennerty, ever runs out of hair tonic; he gets all sorts of brands out of the same bottle and never seems to get mixed up! . . . If Pvt. Ernest Cadieu ever gets any sleep! . . . If Private First Class Harris prefers short hair! . . . If "Cue Ball" Newland still marcel his hair! . . . If Sgt. Lucien N. Hudson ever longs for Grandma! . . . If Pvt. Wiley Barber will ever buy an old car with a new motor in it! . . . Who the girl will be that Sgt. Rene D. Cote takes with him from these parts as Mrs. Cote when he gets paid off! . . . When our Marine Baseball team will lose a ball game! . . . If Private Lewis will be able to spend all his money when he makes Private First Class! . . . When Acting First Sergeant McGowan will get his pay increase and stripes! . . . If Corporal Moffett can find enough work to keep him busy during the day! . . . When Cpl. Millard H. Jones of the Marine Corps and the Bell Telephone Company of this city will merge! . . . When Private First Class Doggett will make up his mind as to whether he intends to be a painter or follow his present occupation of automobile mechanic! . . . When the contributor of this item will learn to put his thoughts in a more consolidated form.

### MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS

By "Jo-Joe"

Now that summer is here, our NCO-in-Charge, 1st Sgt. Colsky, took time off for a furlough, in the new Studebaker with his family, down Quantic way visiting old friends. Sgt. L. D. Ganzel is in charge now.

We are to bid farewell to our C. O., Col. F. A. Barker, who is due to leave us on July 5th. I am sure the gang will miss the Colonel and we hope he'll find his new post and duties very pleasant. Our loss will be the gain to the new post in every sense of the word.

Lieutenant Colonel Anerum is joining us. Colonel Anerum is an old timer and a lot of us Marines have served with him before. We'll be glad to have him with us again and we trust that his tour of duty here will be as pleasant as was Colonel Barker's.

We're still standing by for the A&I. Come on, A&I, we're ready.

Corporal Brant went on the outside to twist the world by the tail. We hope he gets a good hold before he starts twisting. Cpl. J. S. "Ski" Stefoneik joined us from Portsmouth, N. H. "Ski" is an old China hand and the side kick of Sgt. Charlie Nissen, that "famous Mess Sergeant of the Corps." Kerr joined us again from that long vacation of his at the hospital. We are glad to have him back—the more





Admiral Sellers inspecting the Marine Detachment, Annapolis, Md. Major C. I. Murray Commanding Marines

the merrier. Mullally is kinda pensive lately. What's the matter, "Mull?" Bard is taking too many trips to Revere lately. Is it Revere you're going to, Tommy, or Chestnut Street?

On the transfer route we lost Private Caldwell to the MCI and Private Droz to the Navy Yard. We wish them all the luck in the world. We're also due to lose Private Saylor, who is standing by for the *Hendy Maru* to carry him to Coco Solo. Privates Hendrickson and Robertson joined this happy family and we are in hopes that they will enjoy the sights of the Hospital Reservation as well as we do. The 100 yard range of Wakefield R. R. was the downfall for "Brains" Frisone. Those knee pads didn't help. Better luck next year, John.

Here is some of the jabber overheard around the vicinity of our quarters:

Private Burlison: "It won't be like this in the CCC's."

Corporal Harris: "Shined everything when I was in China."

Private Tilley: "Aristocrats of Louisiana."

Corporal Kerr: "Ever ready for action—that's me!"

Private Droz: "Too much East Boston every night."

Private First Class Lee: "Good old days of Haiti."

Private First Class Vickory: "When I was a telephone operator in Haiti."

Private First Class McGregor: "Good old O. D. shirts and the hot sun of Santo Domingo."

Private First Class Weiss: "Come on, week ends! New York bound."

Private Kelly: "MCI courses for high-er-up."

Private Caldwell: "Pills, pills and more pills!"

Private Robertson: "The South Carolina boy."

Private Hendrickson: "Minnesota is the Home State and not S. C."

Private First Class Frisone: "What I done now!"

## MARINE BARRACKS, NORFOLK NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

### "Just a Snapper-Inner"

Among the recent joinings Col. Paul A. Capron has taken over the duties of C. O. relieving Col. C. B. Taylor, who was retired on 30 June, 1935. To our departing commander repeated best wishes for his continued prosperity in the enjoyment of life, and to our new "Chief," a hearty welcome. Maj. Robert C. Anthony is now in charge of the Sea School Detachment, while 1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions has been assigned to duty with the Barracks Detachment. . . . We now have almost as many officers as we have men.

The old Nicaraguan question seems calling for an answer once more. . . . With the option for the canal resting in the hands of Uncle Sam, our dusky neighbors are a bit uneasy as to just when the necessary funds will appear. . . . Charlie the Greek and a few other Marines should be able to take the situation well in hand.

Spring fever has evidently put in some good work for many of the boys have heard the call of that outside organization, the we want a jobbers, and have thinned our ranks considerably. . . . About forty-six men having been discharged since June first. . . . The "I'll take another chance" boys have been few and far apart with most of our new men coming from the Sea School and Quantico.

In our small sphere of sports the local nines must have decided that a better job could be done in some other line for no more does our dusty diamond gather in the fence busters. . . . Those were good afternoons with Eddie Gorman hollering encouragement to "Pop" Dettenbach, Bukowy and the rest of the bunch. . . . Many an office lost at least one good man per day.

Range details come and go and though the National Rifle shots are still resting easy the boys have returned with a fairly good set of scores with an expert here, an expert there, sharpshooters and marksmen everywhere (mostly in Quantico).

The library has a strong inducement to most of our literary inclined. . . . The shelves are jammed with many of the latest editions offering fact and fiction to followers of the word.

Captain Horse, our smiling police sergeant, has his hands full these days. . . . Now that Dillinger has been captured and cured, "Horse" finds small pleasure in chasing the boys to work. . . . Even with the help of the first sergeant and a strong bicycle . . . it's just a lot of "where's Elmer?" to him.

The readers of this column will be glad to see Herbie Townsed, our ailing correspondent, rejoin the fold . . . especially yours truly. . . . I have turned out worse jobs but I can't recall where, so just bear with us until Winchell returns and puts the old column on its feet again. . . . And now for a few B C's B 4 C-ing you again.

## MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Lewis E. Berry

Howdoyoudo, Gentlemen, How-do-you-do? "For men go down to the sea in ships and never more come back. . . ." Firstly, secondly and lastly—I didn't go to the ocean; if I did I didn't go in a boat; and, unfortunately (for you), I did come back. So-o-o-o-o-o! Howdoyoudo—how-do-you-do?

Thank you, Charlie, for carrying on so nobly in my absence. I'm certain that all and sundry welcomed your little "slices of sunshine" in lieu of my old and well-worn repertoire. Stand by, you may be in demand when I have finished venting my fury in the process of separating these many chaffs from this so-little wheat.

Yah! so it's "The Agitator" that you're calling me, eh? In assuming the duties of Patton's business and financial manager I have struck deep into the pith and prosperity of Fohner's "Clothing Establishment—Swim Suits, A Specialty." Said Fohner being possessed of remarkable sales abilities and having subjected the aforementioned client of mine to the glibness of his tongue, it took Pierce and myself to disclose the indisputable fact that a conscience is a conscience, for a' that and a' that. Ask Fohner, he knows. And for further references as to my capability in "Business Management," I refer you to Cornelius Joseph Patton of "PATTON, PATTON & PATTON, PAWNBROKERS, INC."

Opened a copy of the *Herald* this morning and disclosed to view four of our young hearties who have broken into the pictorial section of the tabloid. The color guard, they were, who were detailed to the annual Fourth of July Ceremonies over at the Washington Monument—Thompson, Bailey, Rodier and Wiggins. And speaking of the Fourth—that chow was wholesomely sanctioned by one and all . . . watermelon, cigars, cigarettes, plums, fried chicken, ham, sweet spuds, ice chocolate, hot biscuits, pickles, olives and all the trimmings. And not to slight the fireworks—I, for one, am pleased that I saw fit to devote the evening toward viewing them. A truly remarkable demonstration and it's not every crew of Marines that have the opportunity of witnessing such a spectacle. It is safe to assume that each of the other ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine persons, who came along to keep me company, were equally enthused.

And if the ever-growing pile of sand in



the bottom end of the hour glass is not evidence enough to denote that the year is fast wending away, cast your able optics over the lads lying out there on the "Little Sahara," to wit, the parade ground. Take note of the scowls and grimaces as, reposing beneath the torrid sun, they sweat and fume and carry on the assorted antics so characteristic of "snapping in." Yep! it's the time of the almanac when all good Marines adjust their slings, check up on the sight leaf, flop down and line 'em up and squeeze 'em off. Range practice is under way and it won't be long 'til we'll traipse over to Camp Simms, across the River, and seek for the "black and the silver."

We pause to inquire: Why was Gunnery Sergeant Anderson so industrious with the blow-torch before leaving for Baltimore on Saturday? (If you want to know who told me to ask you that, Anderson, drop around and I'll tell you.) Yah-h-h-h-h!

Cpl. A. N. Bailey has a little game that he plays regularly each Tuesday and Friday. He calls it "Guess What?" or something similar and it has to do with the service (?) rendered by the laundry company which most of us patronize. It seems that there's another guy whose monicker is Bailey (Pfc. R. E. Bailey to be exact) and there is always some difficulty in sorting these men's apparel into the proper boxes and affixing thereto the correct classification. So, whenever "laundry day" comes around Corporal Bailey goes down (sends someone is more nearly accurate), picks out the parcels labeled "A. N." and bringing them back to his abode, just withdrawn from mine, he shuts his eyes, says "eenie, meenie, minie, moe—guess what?" breaks the seals and counts shirts, trousers and what-nots. Usually he has the correct number of pieces but they run about half-and-half—(half his and half R. E.'s). He kept up that average for a while but he drew the final straw the other day when ever article returned was foreign matter to his trousseau. I suggested that he send his laundry out under an alias and he was considering that line of action when, Lo! and Behold! here comes a package of mine bearing two pairs of pants that were total strangers to me. Stamped therein, in accordance with good old Marine regulations, was the name DUNKLEY and if that sounds or looks like BERRY I'll eat your hat, the trousers and the laundry. I'm yellin' because they wouldn't fit me!

By the way, following Adams' suggestion I troubled myself to look up the definition of "soldier"—I'll bet that's more than you did—and found, quite to my delight, that it was worth the while. Personally, I'm a Marine.

The flood of promotions among the musics, as predicted in this column last month, broke before the issue came from the presses and the item wasn't news to most of us. It is fitting, however, to make mention of the individuals whom fortune has favored: Wydick made Drum Sergeant; Gialanella moved up to Drum Corporal; McAllister was rated Trumpeter Corporal; Holt, Bucchio and Vance were rated Drummer First Class; and Patton and Van-Ginkel made Trumpeter of the same caliber. Congratulations, men.

The Right Honorable Reginald Parkman Greenleaf Hodgdon, "Senator from Bawston," dashed into the office a few moments ago and exhibited his obvious exuberance by dancing madly to and fro, at the same time waving a piece of paper frantically above his head. It developed that the

paper was a letter announcing that he was the recipient of the prize in a contest seeking the the most effective name and slogan for some new "chow house" down town. The winning title and accompanying phrase, as afforded by our distinguished Librarian, was: "Neptune Grill—The Tang of the Sea in Every Bite." "Senator" is well known for his widespread window shopping and it seems that at last he has been awarded for his perseverance. Let's see, how many cups of coffee can you get for five bucks?

Some mention of English diction has been made around these here parts and, though I am a novice in such pursuits, I am inclined to state that Corporal Thompson is the first Southerner I have ever heard with a Bowery dialect.

Squadroom Number Five, reputed to be the world's only psychopathic cell without

**BROADCAST FOR THE  
SEPTEMBER LEATHERNECK  
SHOULD REACH EDITORS  
BEFORE AUGUST 8**

the padded walls, is now playing host to the season's latest "fad." "By their actions, so ye shall know the fashions." Nope, it's not a new model in clothing; it's an innocent game of cards. A while back it was casino, then it was checkers, and now it's "hearts." Hearts isn't a new game by any means but when those ruffians in Number Five start doing something they do it the big way. For hours and hours at a time Morris and Long and Piercy and Thompson will sit and manipulate the pasteboards over and over again. Even "Genial John" Ahern comes in oc-

asionally to try his hand at "shooting the moon" and "passing the lady." The peak of insolence was attained the other P. M. when one guy objected to another's glance into a third party's hand. Get that straight?

Frisch has returned from his ninety and goes on record as being another to say, "I'm glad I shipped over; the old outside isn't half as easy to crash as some people would have you believe." Welcome back to the fold, Sergeant.

The Marine Band has opened the seasonal concerts out here on the parade ground and every Monday evening at eight an assemblage of the good citizens of Washington are privileged to listen to the brilliant renditions of melodies, both classical and popular. The boys in the Band have gone vocal, too—and not bad! Their presentation of "When I Grow too Old to Dream" was excellent and the audience was, justly, receptive. I still maintain that the best arrangement I have ever heard anywhere is the one they offered on "She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain." The concerts are under the personal direction of Capt. Taylor Branson, assisted by his Second Leader, Arthur S. Whitecomb.

Have you noticed that the local news sheets are carrying items extending a cordial invitation to the public to witness our weekly Tuesday afternoon parades? . . . Adams, our Circulation Manager, reports that his files have assumed a pallid countenance—Pvt. A. Nemec is now a subscriber.

A number of new fellows hereabouts but I won't occupy the space this time enumerating them. Get to them later and I'll have some dope for you from the Barracks Detachment next month. Dirty dealings going on down there I hear so I'll arm myself with all due stealth and creep down one of these nights and bring back the evidence. Beware, you of the Guard



Photo by Ellis, Washington Post.

**COLONEL MOSES PRESENTING COMMISSIONS TO SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES**  
Left to Right: Col. E. P. Moses, Commanding Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; Major L. C. Shepherd, Executive Officer; Second Lieutenants M. S. Currin, L. J. Fields and H. B. Cain.

Company, the mess hall and you musics—you're on the spot.

Until the Ides of September (that unlucky day) have passed us by . . . Gentlemen, I rest my case. CHEERIO!

## DOVER DONATIONS

By Richards

There have been quite a few changes around the NAD in the past month—and I guess before I get through with this column everyone will want that changed.

Since the last writing Corporals Marcos, Earles, Ademan and Wilson have reported in for duty. Sergeant Spader and Private First Class Koverman are also newcomers. We will not ask them how they like our place up here 'cause we know they will pass their opinion on that soon enough. Private Furr is also a Marine once more—

after trying the outside for three or four months down in the Carolinas.

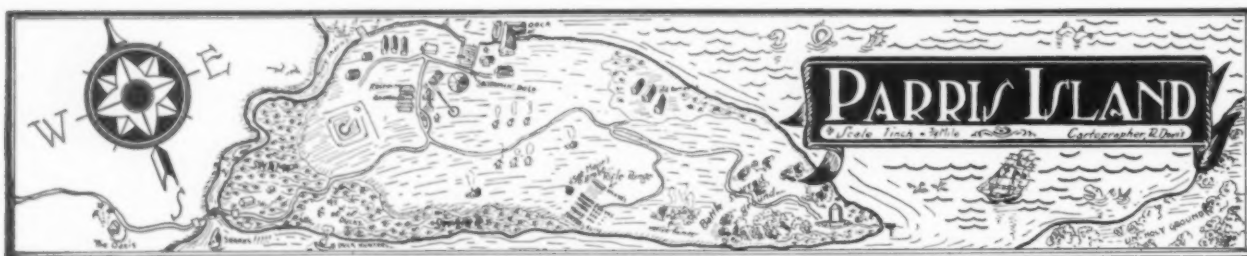
Privates McCarroll and Bartuck are now our Post Tailors—taking the job over from Private First Class Hendrix who was paid off the first of this month. Private Magee is starting another four years this month and he says that if he gets as much to eat in this cruise as he did the last one he may think about shipping over again. What a man!

We had our first baseball game of the season last week with the Picatinny Police. The Marines were late in getting started and the final score was 8-2 in favor of the police. Wasn't so bad for our first game and without our star second baseman—Sergeant Goff. We have a return game with them this week and this is our game.

Spike Boldt is still our Dover gigolo—

but he had better watch his step 'cause Taylor is sure giving him a good chase for the title. I wonder why Private Kent is always walking into Wharton every night about eight o'clock? It is much further to walk than Picatinny—but of course there is no reason for him being there now since Privates Smutko and the Peterson brothers started visiting there. Corporal Hopkins was supposed to attend a Marine Corps League picnic the 4th of July but when he came back from his forty-eight we asked him about it and for some reason or another he wasn't there. Now I think there can be only two reasons for his absence—he either met up with Spunky down town or else it was too soon after payday for him to remember it.

Well, folks the heat has just about got me down so I will call this off for the time being—such as it is.



**D**O, NOT yet! Doctor Stork is still on his vacation.

We have a stupendous piece of news this month—colossal news! That hard-surfaced road between Parris Island and Burton is becoming a reality at last. Meanwhile, the detours invite us to see South Carolina first. The distance from Main Station to Burton is usually about ten miles, but when you detour, you'd swear (you're bound to swear, anyway, at some of the bumps) that it is at least a hundred miles. And you wonder whether you shouldn't stop off at Savannah and Augusta and a few other places en route to Burton. When that road is finished it's going to be one of the most picturesque and most traveled roads in the South. We've been waiting for it a long time and we're glad to get it. About the only folks who aren't glad are the garage people in Beaufort. They will have to lay off practically all their mechanics after that car-wrecking road from Burton to Jericho Point takes its place in history with the rack and the Iron Maiden and other tortures of the Spanish Inquisition (Ed's Note: That's what's the matter with the country—someone always messin' up the other fellow's business. My sympathy to the honest, striving mechanics).

The little weatherboard shack that did duty as a guard house at the Horse Island bridge has been replaced with a very attractive looking brick building with a bright red roof. It has all the modern conveniences and affords suitable shelter for the patrols who have to stand watches there in all sorts of weather.

Two more of those attractive looking buildings with the bright red roofs are in evidence at the swimming pool. One is the new bath house and the other is the swimming pool canteen. Tables and chairs, canopied with large, gay-colored umbrellas, are arranged conveniently around the rim of the pool. The well-sodded terraces and the shrubbery, added to these other attractions, give the place

the air of an ultra-fashioable summer resort.

Work has been humming around here. Three sets of Staff Sergeants' quarters on the old Naval Prison Reservation have been completely renovated. Other sets of quarters have had their porches rebuilt and their roofs repaired, and even we are no longer required to wear a rain coat in the kitchen when it rains.

If Parris Island is allotted some of the funds from the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act of 1935, in accordance with the list of projects submitted by the Bureau of Yards and Docks, the old timers, coming back to Parris Island a few years from now, will hardly recognize the old place. If all the projects were approved there would be more than two million dollars expended here for new barracks buildings, improvements, plumbing and sanitation, power, heating, refrigeration, paving of roads and walks, foundation explorations, etc.

Before we leave the subject of improvements we want to mention the commendable improvements made at the Non-Coms Club. The salesroom has been enlarged to accommodate many more tables for the convenience of the members and their guests; the capacity of the refrigerating plant has been greatly increased to hold many, many more cases of beer; and the interior has been tastefully decorated throughout. The men who run the club have two purposes in mind: to serve the patrons well, and to make money for the Club. How well they have succeeded is reflected in the improvements that the Club has recently been able to afford. Sgt. John Ray, the new Steward, has the situation well in hand.

We celebrated the Glorious Fourth on Parris Island by holding a swimming meet. The list of winners follows: 35 yard, free style—1st, A. C. Yarnall; 2nd, F. C. Trumble; 35 yard, back stroke—1st, A. T. Greene; 2nd, A. Pilliod; Relay race, 140

yards (Platoon 18)—H. M. Middlebrook, J. Lanier, J. W. Keyes and S. Artymowicz; Water Polo Game (Headquarters Company)—G. A. Bushe, E. Bolster, Jr., J. Blanchfield and A. E. Vasiliankas.

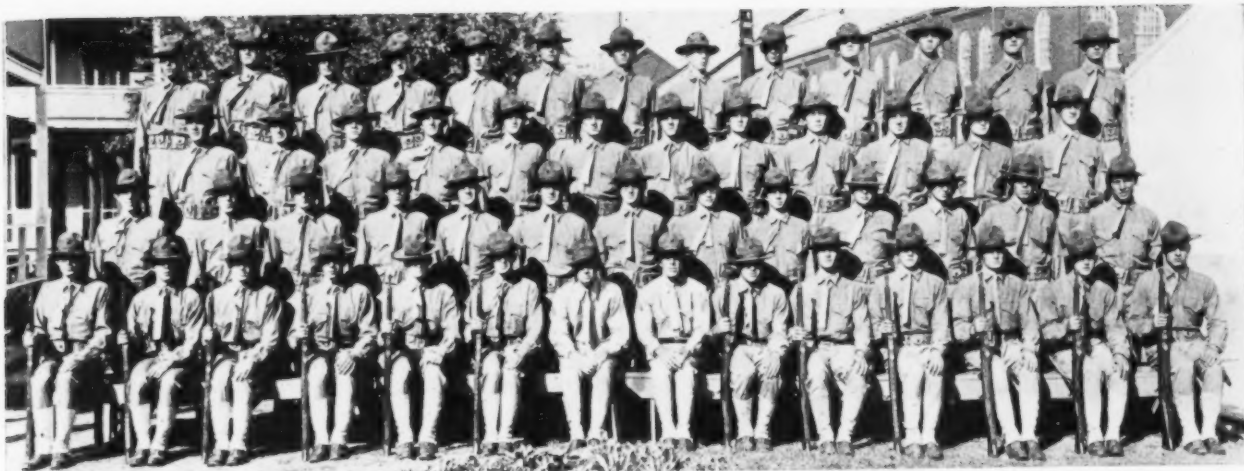
That afternoon Parris Island assembled a ball team that went over to Beaufort and played the Beaufortions in a ten-inning game, resulting in a 14 to 11 victory for the Islanders. Battery for Parris Island: Cavalier and Bates.

Sgt. "Skinny" Walters, FMCR, has just renewed his subscription to THE LEATHERNECK and he says he would like to hear from some of his old friends. "Skinny" is the proprietor of a corner store and filling station on the road to Burton. He would like to know what happened to some of his pals who served with him on the USS. *Sturtevant*. One of them, Cpl. Jesse New, is now a thoroughly domesticated benedict and lives on Parris Island. Where are the others?

Ex-Corporal Harold Sours is now the expert mechanic at the local Post Exchange Service Station and Garage. Mr. Weter, who was a Quartermaster Sergeant (P.D.) here in 1918, was back here recently renewing acquaintances.

Ex-Cpl. Henry B. Fulton, who is now employed by the American Tobacco Company, spent a week here, on business, and renewing acquaintances. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fulton.

QM-Sgt. Charles R. Butt has been transferred to the Philadelphia Navy Yard. And QM-Sgt. Jack Oesterle is swapping billets with QM-Sgt. Guy T. Tabor at Indian Head, Maryland. Capts. W. P. Lentze and J. F. McVey have been transferred to Recruit Depot for duty. Capt. L. C. Whitaker is now Commanding Officer of Headquarters and Headquarters Company and Capt. J. D. O'Leary is the new mess officer. Pvt. Joseph H. Kirk has been transferred to Marine Barracks, Quantico, and Pvt. Maxwell L. Cutchin has been transferred to the Navy Yard, Philadel-



Platoon 8, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Swearngen and Cpl. Barton

phia, for instruction in the next class of the Clerical School.

Some of the men in the Post Band have gone in for sailboating. After purchasing what looked to be almost a hopeless hulk, they put in several weeks of hard work on it and now they are the proud possessors of one of the prettiest little sailboats in the neighborhood. On their maiden voyage they were caught in a severe storm but were able to return to their haven without any serious mishap. The yachtsmen are Pvts. H. F. Boyer, Jr., L. R. Abbey, F. R. Voitel and J. A. Scarborough.

We'd like to congratulate Staff-Sgt. Marlin P. (Pop) Cain on the excellent write-up he and his Post Farm received in the *Savannah Morning News*, July 7th. "Pop" is a farmer and a stockman of no mean accomplishment. His watermelons, this summer, were said to be the best that have been stolen (from him) in these parts for years.

## PLATOON EIGHT

By E. C. "Tex" Lindsey

"Squads Left! Osear! You dizzy clown of misery!" It happened to be the voice of Corporal Harney with Platoon Eight out on the sand lot near the Marine Barracks at Parris Island on a cool afternoon in March and the sand fleas were there galore. Platoon Eight at that time was under the jurisdiction of Corporals Harney and Barton, with the said Osear turning out to be none other than Beean who left us later to join Platoon 10.

Although Platoon Eight was only "one among a million" like all others believing we had the best drill instructors on the Island, we were above the average as far as "nuts" were concerned and boastfully brag some of the "nuttiest nuts" that Parris Island ever had.

Speaking of "nuts" I might mention to begin with a corporal who came to us during our second week of training—known to all as "Ambrose" Webb. He kept us on the go from dawn 'til dusk and 'way 'way into the night—but still there was plenty of time for a good laugh or joke along with the work that made it much easier. I believe that the boys of this Platoon will never forget the night at the Rifle Range that he made us roll so many heavies, due to the fact, well it's a long, long ol' story, so we'll not go into it.

Further speaking of "nuts" I'd like to mention along that line just a few more. Of course, I couldn't give a complete list of all the "nuts" for space wouldn't permit. But we did have a few outstanding—"Archiebald" Allen, Joe Jenkins, Pvt. James H. Privette, "Weak-Sister" Eichelberger, "Boy-Scout" Mozisek and the biggest "monkey" of them all was "Whitey" Hand.

There was the day when only a few days of our schedule had been knocked off when told to "count off" that every man took off his hat, then the morning that one said Archie Allen called attention while colors were going and half the platoon stood at attention in the Head. These with a million of other "boners" that occurred during bush-warfare and in close order drill kept the platoon in good spirits and Captain Hollingsworth and our drill instructors on their heads all during "Boot Camp."

At this time the larger percentage of the platoon are in Quantico with the Fleet Marine Force, a few doing duty with Aircraft and other than a few radio and telephone boys, who will be leaving in a few days, there only remain about half a dozen of us here on Parris Island. Platoon Eight, like an air castle, was built and scattered almost before we realized it.

And now, last but not least, I wish to mention the NCO's of whom we were so proud: First, we had Corporals Harney and Barton, two of the most thought of D.I.'s that we had. Later Corporal Webb joined us with the leaving of Corporal Harney, who went to Quantico. Not long after Corporal Harney's departure Sergeant Swearngen joined us and Corporal Webb went to another platoon. Sergeant Swearngen stayed faithful with us until the end, being joined by Sergeant Gordon and Corporal Christenot. Along with the D.I.'s I'd like to mention the only 100 per cent expert that we had, our Famous Freddie Grabenstein—100 per cent expert—that's Freddie, not only with the rifle, pistol and other weapons, but in all respects.

Ahoy! Platoon Eight! Wherever you are, let us all (next pay day) drink to the remembrance of ol' Platoon Eight—that some day we might be reunited again with a friendly chat of "Days I spent on Parris Island" . . . And by the way, remember before the last bottle is gone to drink one each for those drill instructors. Platoon Eight! Ahoy!

## OL' NUMBER EIGHT

By "On The Double" Allen

"Without a doubt this is the lousiest P-L-A-A-T-O-O-N I have ever seen." Such scathing remarks were nothing out of the ordinary to our select group of young men gathered from twenty-nine of the forty-some-odd states.

The original EIGHTH PLATOON kicked off the twenty-second of March with seven full squads and two guides, piloted by our capable "DI," Corporal Harney. Our two guides, Reed and Rayborn, both ex-army men, lent a certain dignity and charm to our little gathering at the very outset of our military careers that would have been greatly missed had either one or both been found missing. We were truly off to a grand start, but our luck was short lived and before we ended our "Boot Camp" training the original fifty-eight had dwindled down to a mere handful; while our roster of DI's covered everyone from cooks to colonels. Then the straw that broke the camel's back, the salt on the wound, or the coup de grace, what ever you will, we were lastly rewarded for our trials and tribulations the ignominious stigma, "EIGHT BALL" or "THE LOST PLATOON." It can be said with righteous praise, however, that that noble and glorious crew never once bowed their heads in defeat in spite of shameful slander often thrown in their general direction. Boy, we could really take it!

Rumor had it that without a doubt we were also the lousiest shots that ever hit the rifle range. This was never confirmed and the excellent performance of "Cow-boy" Grabenstein, who turned out to be our best shot (expert both in pistol and rifle) and a bevy of pistol and rifle sharpshooters would point to a different judgment. Our triumphant return from the rifle range was the cause of much joy to "Abie" the chief cook who welcomed us with open arms. He claimed we were the best bunch of plate breaker-uppers he had ever had the pleasure of having in his galleys. We never failed to disappoint him.

Sergeant Rubenstein, that stellar bayoneter, took us over for the three-day bayonet course before we took up our long-awaited-for mess duty, and once more we acquitted ourselves nobly. Our fame by this time was spreading rapidly—what a

(Continued on page 49)



# Tropical Topics

## GUANTANAMO BAY GOSSIP

By Guantanomous

Leathernecks, here's that column on Guantanamo Bay Marines that you have been turning the pages to find. Maybe we don't rate in regards to numbers with you larger posts but how about that spirit and go-get-'em that prevails in Guantanamo Marine activities? Conceited? We can well afford to be. Look at our tennis courts, basket-ball court, ball diamond and our new golf course, to say nothing of our bowling alleys and swimming dock. Oh yes, one other thing—we have sixteen horses and are a member of the Horse-Marines, for fair. In our midst is a delightful beer garden and out-door movie theatre with easy chairs. When the fellows want to get wet they can go sailing, rowboating or out-board motoring.

Our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Clapp, is our most able and enthusiastic backer.

Baseball is in the air and do we respond! Ask Captain Hunt, who is directly responsible for our successful sporting projects. He has taken our aces to local diamonds this season and not without making the usual Marine showing. Sergeant Yarwood, recently transplanted from P. I., has been effective as coach and trainer.

For those who enjoy knocking the "little white ball" around, the golf course is now open. So far no one has made it in par but Corporal Odeskie and Private Springman come pretty close when they are having a good day. When you get your orders for "Fish Point" get yourself a set of clubs for you can use them.

This query was overheard at the advent of a change in the Q.M. Department: "What do we need to replace Major Galliford?" The answer came quick as a flash: "Major Galliford!" We are sure that the

remark expresses the feelings of "Fish Point" and the whole Naval Station, at large. We know that Lakehurst is getting a lucky break by having the Major there. Best of luck, Major!

By the time this gets to press, the new Q. M. will have arrived and be well underway. He is none other than Capt. Brady Vogt, late of the staff at P. I. Welcome to our post. Speaking of new arrivals and assets—we feel ourselves lucky to get Capt. McKelvey away from the Service Battalion at Quantico. Lt. J. H. Cook, who recently changed from gold to silver collar ornaments, was relieved by First Lieutenant Hamel as Post Exchange Officer.

Gunny Logue is shopping these days for "first step" shoes, all for Junior Logue, who opened his eyes last fall. Optimistic, Gunney?

The real account about that accident which left Gunnery Sergeant Raines walking six inches in the air and called for painted toe nails, has never been let out but at least we know that he has a tough looking leg, from outward appearances.

We all wonder how long the tour of duty is in Cuba. They say "two years" but TRY and catch a boat. Such are the grievances of Sergeant McNeil; Corporals Johnson and Grohowski; Privates King, O'Connor, Downes, Canfield, Frederick, Thompson and several others. There were four who were born with silver spoons in their mouths and were able to leave on the R.O.T.C. destroyers for Charleston on the 29th, last. They were Private First Class Amos and Privates Guilbeau, Joe Davis and Yeager.

We will ask one—What two corporals invested do-re-mi in a model T Ford, ran out of bailing wire and patience, then turned said jalopy over to two accomplished under-dogs who promptly found necessary wire and patience. They are now scuttling over hills and dunes???? Answer

that one and we will have another ready for next time.

Privates James, Clardy, Nanes, Huston and Maddox have recently added a PFC. chevron to their arms. Conscientiousness and sobriety are their formulas.

Private First Class Maddox says this confidentially of Sergeant McNeil, "He fears the post he transfers to won't have the be-ootiful flowers we have here, hence no transfer." (The Sergeant has five years in at this post.)

They rightly named the M.B. "Fish Point." You can certainly catch them here. If that eminent scientist who said we evolved from fish is right, then many cons from now the housing problem in Cuba will be more acute—provided we retrace evolution.

The good ship *Woodcock* made a trip to Kingston, Jamaica, with its two decks strewn with forty or more of the station personnel, last April. If traveling conditions were decidedly under first class as evidenced by condition of all persons and baggage at time of docking—and apparently a matter of importance, it was superseded to the lime-light of conversation by the more human events and high-lights of the trip. Speaking of the human side, people who overlook the social importance of the projects are few. We are all of one mind down here. To be sure, new arrivals must test their natures in the whirl of social affairs and be "initiated" to be able to "unlax" and throw in with the rest of us.

Last March replacements came from chilly Norfolk with two years duty ahead of them in Cuba. They were followed by another contingent early this summer, which means that one-third of us are "new." First Sergeant White, Acting Sergeant Major, who came from the "Cross-roads of the Marine Corps," Quantico, to carry on in First Sergeant Mosier's place, is the possessor of a valuable monkey.

B. Y. Thompson, waxing eloquent, says, "Ah, yes, we have in our camp a master chef, whose colossal, stupendous, magnificent, exquisite concoction, commonly known as ice-cream, has tickled the palates of this command in no uncertain fashion for some time. Now that Private Gurskey has determined the correct amount of salt which can be spilled into the freezer without seriously changing the flavor of said concoction, "seconds" are in demand more than ever.

That Glorious Fourth, Gentle Readers—things and events happened and took place in reality here on our ever-so-famous and popular anniversary. Sports of all kinds,chow to appease the most clamorous appetite and free beer!

This winds up the news for the month, Folks. Goodbye—in Cuba, *Adios*.

## GUAM NOTES

It has been so long since this Gem of the Pacific made the headlines, that we feel we should assure you that we are still on the map.

The entire command mourns the death of Pfc. William A. Isenthall, who died at



Tug o'War between Marines and Sailors, Guantanamo Bay



the Naval Hospital on April 26th of heart disease. Isenthall was 42 years of age and had completed over 12 years of honorable service. Funeral services were held at Marine Barracks, Sumay, on Saturday, 11 May, 1935. Interment will be at his former home in Indianapolis, Indiana.

On March 15 the USAT *Grant* arrived from the States with 38 men for the Barracks, and the same date saw the departure of 20 for Cavite. Eleven more leave on May 11 for Cavite, via USS *Henderson*. Said ship was due in Apra Harbor on May 6th but, after being within two days of the Island, turned back to Wake Island to answer a distress call from the Pan-Americans Airways ship. One of the members of that party was seriously ill and the *Henderson* picked him up. The weeping and wailing around the barracks when the short-timers found out that they weren't so short. All packed and ready to go, too.

May 4th saw the Marines being hosts at a dance given at Recreation Hall in honor of the out-going detail. The dance was well attended and everyone enjoyed a fine evening. Let's have more of them.

Last month some 48 men fired the Service Rifle and Pistol for qualification, and 19 fired the Browning Automatic Rifle over the "A" course. High scores were as follows: Rifle, Lt. L. C. Hudson, with 332; Pistol, long course, Capt. H. N. Potter, with 94 per cent; Pistol, short course, Cpl. W. J. Murray, with 230; Browning Automatic Rifle, Pvt. J. K. Harris, with 606. Tryouts for the rifle and pistol teams are now going strong and some good scores are being turned in. The shooters selected (2 rifle and 1 pistol) go to Peiping in July to participate in the Asiatic Divisional Matches. Here's wishing them a lot of luck.

A rather interesting golf tournament is now in progress. Teams consist of four men, each having a club. One driver, 1 No. 2 iron for short holes, 1 No. 5 for approaching, and a putter. A captain is chosen and he directs the play, selecting the man that is to make the shot. Four teams play, and it looks like a small army coming down the fairway. Private Dorondo is the course champion and also an instructor, giving a course of 10 lessons per month. This is a nice place for those who take their golf seriously.

We are all looking forward to the installation of the new drinking fountains due to arrive on the *Henderson*. It is reported that they will be quite an improve-



#### THE CRACKED SQUAD

A Foreign Legion squad that trotted its stuff at a Marine Smoker at Coco Solo, C. Z. Front Row: Cooke, Harrell, Kerdock and Manera. Back Row: Lockett, Rittmeyer and Bendler

ment over the present system.

Preparations are being made for the expected arrival of the Pan-American Airways Base ship *North Haven* on or about June 10th. The old channel at Sumay is being dredged out and the apron is to be repaired. We certainly hope the route will soon be established. A faster mail service would be highly appreciated. How would a health trip on one of the new Clipper ships sound?

The buildings here have recently been numbered and what do you think they hung on the guard house and brig? Number 148! Just drop that first digit and what have you? 48. Reverse that and you have 84. Just can't keep a good number down.

Here is some information about our Marine Corps Amateur Radio station OM1TB. The transmitter consists of a single 852 tube in a Hartley circuit with an average input of 400 watts. The receiver is a Standard Comet Pro, with Xtal filter. Daily schedules are held with California, Honolulu, Manila and Shanghai, averaging about 800 to 900 messages per month. Messages are sent to any part of the world free of charge. Anyone desiring to send messages to persons in Guam may do so by mailing their message to Station W6CUU, 477 South Camden Drive, Beverly Hills, Cali-

fornia, or to any Army amateur station. The message should be addressed to OM1TB or to Marine Barracks, Sumay, Guam. Our operator, Pfc. Felix L. Ferranto, wiggles a mean bug and likes plenty of work. The more the merrier, says Felix. The schedules handled are stiff and operators contemplating putting for the job must be GOOD.

With the sailing of the *Henderson* we lose two of the most popular officers in the command—1st Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., and Chief Pay Clerk Fred J. Klingenhagen. Both are ordered to the Department of the Pacific and are making the "Loop." We are sorry to see them go, and sincerely wish them a pleasant voyage and a good billet in the States.

Joining us are Captains Cunningham and Watchman. We welcome them to our little family and hope they shall enjoy their tour of duty here.

And so, with all good wishes to THE LEATHERNECK and the staff, and to all who happen to read this, we say Au Revoir.

#### PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

By L. A. Y.

Two of the most feted passengers on the *Malolo* when it left Honolulu for the States last week were 1st Lt. W. O. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson. They were virtually lost in a maze of leis. Their departure marked the beginning of many changes in the personnel of Pearl Harbor.

A few days later the USAT *St. Mihiel* arrived in port bringing Capt. H. E. Dunkleberger and Will H. Lee. The latter was given command of Company A and Captain Dunkleberger was transferred to Lualualei, where he relieved First Lieutenant Straub. Lieutenant Straub and Lieutenant Dreysspring are returning to the States to attend the Marine Corps School at Quantico. In a short time Captain Talbot will also leave for the mainland.

Shortly, a detail of forty will go aboard the *Henderson* for transfer to the States. Many of them have been several years in this post and it is with true regret that the remaining members of the command bid them aloha.

A stranger visiting Pearl Harbor around the 10th of this month would have been as-

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Inspection at Fish Point, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba



## FIRST SIGNAL COMPANY

### Personnel

The First Signal Company is on the air again. Many interesting facts about this company are broadcast by departments.

The personnel section of the company has had so many changes in the last three months that it is impossible to list them all. Then again they have been published in *THE LEATHERNECK*.

Capt. J. M. Smith has joined from the Marine Corps Schools this post, and MT. Sgt. Lawrence S. Dyer joined from Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps.

### Radio School

The reconstruction of the school has been completed and we are all very proud of the work as completed by Gunnery-Sergeant Steinhauser and Sgt. Joe Welkey.

Gunnery-Sergeant Steinhauser is keeping the school up to the high standards that he has always maintained. We can truthfully say that when a student is given his certificate of graduation he is fully qualified to hold down the job of radio operator anywhere he may be stationed.

Now, let us dig down deep and see what we can find out about the students and their "after school hours" activities.

Olson still takes off on week-ends to Washington to take in some of the higher arts and dramatics (that is what he says), and you can usually find Corbin along with him, but we know very well that Corbin doesn't go in for any of that higher and finer arts that Olson talks about. "Uncle Abner Doyle" still is holding stocks in

the town of Richmond, but for reasons of his own he will not let any of the rest of us in on just what goes on down there. Heitman, the remaining member of the "livestock trio" has forsaken his week-end watches in Alexandria for further adventures with Patterson around the Nation's Capitol. Smith and Betts seem to be in financial distress so it seems we will have to forget about them until the next writing. Palmer seems to find some sort of interest up around the vicinity of Delaware's metropolis, the city of Wilmington. Perhaps some day he will open up and tell us all about it. Professor Brown still claims that no one can outtalk him in any argument you wish to bring up. A number of the boys went down to Chancellorsville to view the reenactment of the famous battle and we don't know, but someone told us that Thackeray fainted when one of the big guns was fired. Hi! Carroll, just captured in the Everglades of Florida, hasn't quite tamed down as yet, but now we can put shoes on him and he won't stand in one place for hours gazing at them as he did at first. "Little Chicken" Kupp, is disappointed in the sudden decline of his fan-mail. Revane still thinks he can beat "Mickey" Devine at any game, and does "Mickey" love that.

Since the last writing seven of our students have been graduated, Privates Brackney and Evans going to Tenth Marines, Privates Olson and Doyle doing experimental work with ultra high frequency field sets in connection with artillery observation. The other three, Privates Revane,

Corbin and Heitman are standing by awaiting transfer to their various stations.

Also a few changes in the personnel of the instructors. Corporals Reedy and Sullivan have both shipped over to the USS. *Outside* and all our best wishes for success go with them. "Mickey" Devine has been rewarded for his good work by being promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Congrats, "Mickey." The staff has been bolstered by the addition of Staff Sergeant Couts and Cpl. J. M. Smith, who are instructing the boys in code reception and naval procedure.

All the classes are showing steady progress in their studies and all the boys show indications of becoming first class radio operators. Some of them, at first, don't seem to be able to get those radio circuits straight, but with a little work and expert instruction they usually master it. The main thing seems to be the foundation, once they get that, the rest is merely a matter of following out the principles.

Since this seems to be about all the dope we can get on the school we will turn over to the other circuits and until we meet again Au Revoir and a little bit of a tweet-tweet.

### Amateur Radio Station W3ELN

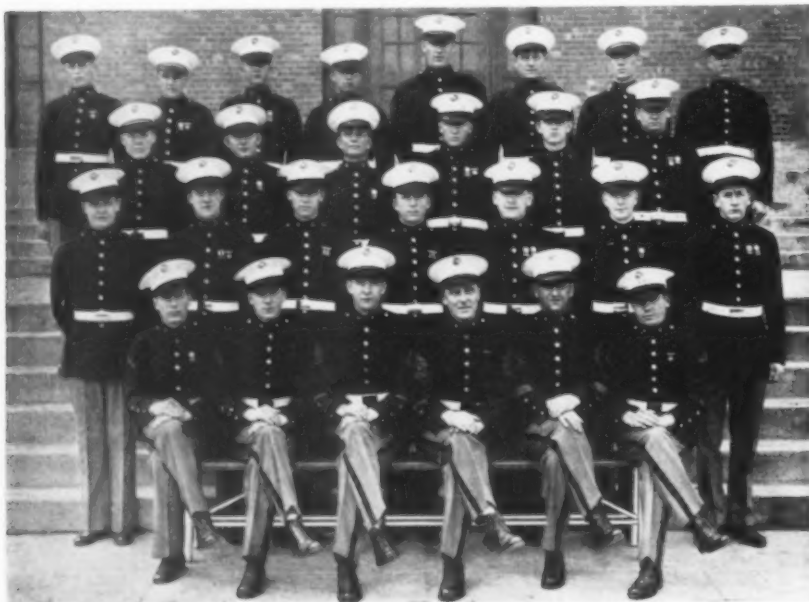
Amateur Radio W3ELN went on the air on March 21, 1935, after a period of absence due to the revamping of the transmitter. Gunnery-Sergeant Steinhauser and a few more of the talented at the First Signal Company set to and developed their brain-child. Results—the transmitter that is now in operation at W3ELN.

Technically speaking, it consists of a 210 crystal oscillator, 565 buffer, 560 intermediate amplifier, and two 560's in push-pull in the final stage. Two thousand volts on the plates supply the punch emitted by the sky-wire, which is more or less directive to the South and West. The local "brass-pounders," all First Signal Company men, do their bit in keeping W3ELN perking and on the go. To our staff of operators, W6FWJ at San Diego, Calif., contributed: Staff Sergeant Jungers, Cpl. J. M. Smith and Private First Class Brumble. From W4BZU at Parris Island, S. C., came Cpl. O. W. Craig. W3DDA supplied Corporal Kozakewicz and Pfc. L. F. Partidge. W3ARK wished upon us Pvt. J. C. Kupp, Jr., the pride of Stowe, Pa., and with that crew on the key, we are receiving confirmation cards from various sections of the globe, commenting on our signals (nice work, boys).

You fellows out there in San Diego and Parris Island: cast an ear on 7080 and 7170 kes, and give the local boys a buzz. In fact a schedule with both would be welcome. And that goes for any other interested hams, too. 73's and hpe cuagn sn Va Bt QRZ? QRZ? de W3ELN—K.

### Telephone Electrician's School

Among the many signal activities that will become a part of the First Signal



Radio Operators School, First Signal Company

Company will be a Telephone Electrician's School. In the past enlisted Marines endeavoring to qualify in telephony were sent to the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, where they were given instruction in the nine-month course at that school. However, due to various economic reasons, the Army Signal Corps finds itself in a position where it can not care for Marines, nor Army enlisted men of other than signal branches ("other-arms").

This school will train Marines in technical telephone work. It will be of five and one-half months' duration and the instruction will be approximately sixty per cent practical work.

Every effort has been made to have this school turn out graduates who will be of use to the FMF and to Marine Corps Communications in general. Master Technical Sergeant Dyer has been in Headquarters since the first of the year drawing up the curriculum for the course. Thousands of dollars' worth of apparatus is on order and school rooms and laboratories have been assigned in the Signal Company barracks for conducting the classroom work and experiments that form a major portion of the course. Sgt. Lyle C. Buck and Cpl. Bolish J. Kozackewicz have been retained as assistant instructors. In addition to strictly telephone subcourse, several other allied subjects will be covered in an effort to round out the training for the individual student. A course in DC and AC, identical with that taught at the Bellevue school, a course in mathematics, identical with that taught at the Bellevue school with the exception that no slide rules will be required, and a subcourse on Marine Corps Organization will be included. The course will be the one offered in the NCO correspondence course by the Marine Corps Schools. Students of the Telephone Electrician's School who pass this course as given will receive credit for it both in the Telephone School and in the MCS., and in the event the student enrolls at some future date for the NCO correspondence course with the MCS., he will not be required to again take that portion of it.

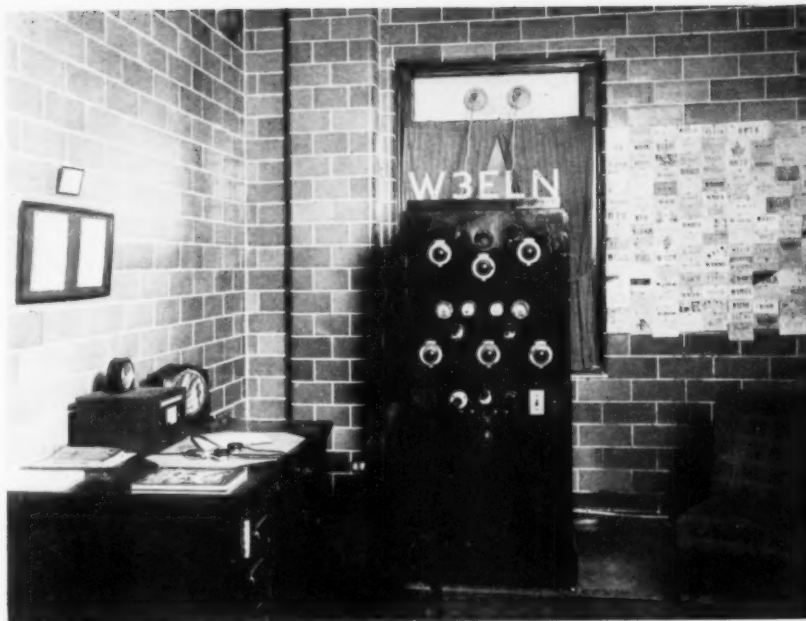
Among the first class students, we expect to see Gunnery-Sergeant Stillwell, Staff Sergeant Gay (recently from Headquarters), Sgt. E. C. Thoenmes, Corporal Wingo and Pvt. W. K. Rogers. The class will consist of eleven men.

#### Tips From the Telephone Exchange

Under the able direction and management of our Wire Chief, MT. Sgt. Geo. Noell, the dream of a new Automatic Switchboard for the Telephone Exchange, is rapidly becoming a reality. And for the past several weeks contracts have been open to bidding, with the result that several large companies have been out-doing themselves, trying to effect the much coveted sale of the necessary equipment.

The opening date of the new exchange is not definitely known, but December 15 seems to be the nearest approximation, and until that time the Wire Gang may well expect a great deal of hard work, making necessary preparations, to change over from the old, to the new switchboard. Then, too, the new phones will be of the dial type, the old ones must be replaced in the various offices and quarters. Heigh ho! Looks like a busy summer and fall ahead.

The new Exchange will be located in the First Signal Company barracks (Barracks "G") instead of the present location. Originally, it was planned to have it in the proposed new Administration Building, but since the erection of such a building is still



Amateur Radio Station, First Signal Company

in the very dim, dark future, that idea has been cast aside.

At present our operating force consists of thirteen operators, and three student operators, but with the use of the automatic type board, the force will be reduced to probably about eight of the best men. Nothing very definite can be said about the

new arrangement, as yet, because December is still quite some time hence.

However, we do feel confident that if our subscribers will co-operate with the Telephone Personnel, our combined efforts will give Quantico a standard of telephone service and efficiency, of which it may well be proud.

## Sea-Going Log

### ARGONNE NOTES

The cruise to Hawaii this year, performed to the accompaniment of Aey-Duey, Bridge and Marksmanship School, moved along smoothly under the guidance of Lieutenant O'Brien and First Sergeant Marshall. The "Top," so he says, is the best aey-duey player in the service, although as no one in the detachment dares to beat him, this boast may be unjustified. (There goes the company scribe letting himself in for some working party.)

The even tenor of the cruise was broken by only one day of inclement weather, which rather weakened the sea legs of a few.

Pearl Harbor was a welcome sight after ten slow days of darken ship and hidden maneuvers. The absence of the highly touted hula girls, who were said to line the shores swaying seductively, as speedily atoned for by the enthusiastic liberty party that poured over the side in record time, headed by that champion libertyhound of the outfit, Red Bodrero, who, it is said, did come back to the ship once to change his socks during our stay in port.

Notwithstanding that at this time of the year Waikiki Beach is always at its worst, since the sand washes in and out with the seasons, it seemed to be the focal point for the entire service, everyone very good-naturedly stepping on everyone else's faces in the warm sand. Of course, there are other attractions that command one's attention, most of them being of

the two-legged variety. Our mess-cook, Private Friedrich, was doomed to disappointment as far as the sights were concerned, for, as the busses here only stop for five minutes to load their passengers and he needs at least six to weigh anchor, he was always left standing there with rather a melancholy expression on his open face.

Sergeant Boyle and Corporal Smith have been made the Honorary Presidents of the Hawaii Brewers Association, and are said to be among the best boosters, or should we say up-lifters, of this certain Island industry. At this time let us throw in a word of praise for their stooge, Private First Class Beardsley, who, under their expert tutelage is fast becoming proficient in the ancient and honorable custom of saying, "Just one more." Privates Tarbet and Gass are much in demand as their strange speech and quaint manners are of great interest to the uncultured savages who have rather a brotherly feeling towards them. Corporal Manning, who has recently double-crossed himself by assuming a better half, has dropped out of the ranks of the chaser squadron, leaving the sidewalk posts to those Curbstone Cuties, Privates First Class Emge, Dalton, Klooster and Arbini, who are inspired by the skillful generalship of that Casanova, Corporal Whittaker.

Pvt. "Bing" Horton continues to make the nights hideous aided by his banjo, evidently trying to win the Kanakas away





**MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. ARGONNE**  
First Lieutenant William M. O'Brien, Commanding. First Sergeant, L. Marshall.

from the plaintive strains of their homeland and to inculcate on them a love of "Vo-dee-o-do." A two-handed working party has been detailed to make repairs on Cpl. "Senator" Hamman's couch as the springs are suffering from a dose of bunk-fatigue.

Corporal Sosie, having gone in for a decoration on his upper lip, the only purpose of which seems to be for frightening babies, has started a fad that threatens to turn all the non-coms into walrus and is making a big business for the ship-stores in hair-growing lotion.

Privates First Class McCrary and Yost, and Privates McCarthy and Matia still tear around in ever diminishing circles in the Com office, looking very busy and accomplishing little or nothing. Pfc. "Light-Horse Harry" Lee occasionally descends from the steamy clouds of obscurity in the laundry and gives the compartment the once-over, as does Private First Class Lowrance from the galley, where he is usually to be found trying to make a hunk of beef look like nothing at all and taste about the same.

Sergeant Caston, having a lot of spare time here in port, has thought up a brand new crop of alibies that bid fair to be the best things heard yet in the USMC.

Privates Alexander, Brockett, Cabral, Moran and Mizell continue to argue about each and every item that their minds can conceive. Not having the vaguest idea of the facts of any of these, they nevertheless run on and on until their meagre vocabularies and everyone else's ears are exhausted.

Private First Class Cates still thinks that he is better looking than Privates First Class Miller and Stevens. As none of them could even get jobs hat-checking at a beauty contest their mutual admiration is naturally a source of great joy to all the rest. Private Bullock, in his own quiet way, still searches the ether via short wave and speaks authoritatively about conductance, admittance and susceptance, the which, as we are sure they are inedible,

interest us not at all.

This office has not had any report on the answers received by Private Crowl to his letters reprinted in the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column of one of the better known Spicy Story magazines, but we hope for the best.

Private Burch may still be seen riding an imaginary motorcycle around the boat-deck of a morning. At times his speed becomes so intense that he can be found merely standing there with his face wide open watching himself tear by at sixty miles an hour.

Privates Mason and Ingraham are still racing to see if the former can yell "Survive!" before the latter has put a plate down, and, as an end to this let us advise that Private Woodruff can still holler "Butts!" louder and oftener than anyone else in the detachment.

### NOTES FROM THE HENDY MARU

#### By the Company Clown and His Stogie

Well, here we are back in THE LEATHERNECK after an absence of about six months. This is really a bunch of salty, sea-going Marines and many of us have several trips to China to our credit.

First we will say a few words about the Marine Detachment. This consists of twenty-two men. First Lt. F. P. Pyzick is the Commanding Officer of all the Marines; 1st Sgt. C. R. Bates and Cpl. D. P. Rytter handle the office work. Sgt. "Big Wolf" C. B. McKinstry is the police sergeant Pfc. "Kay Francis" J. P. Allgood, G. D. Haines, A. J. Koreis, R. L. Morris, J. E. Spencer, F. R. Sternkopf, "Flash" W. J. Wilson; Privates C. L. Arnold, "Chandu" T. F. Boerner, "Sandino" J. H. Gramling, "Knobby" H. L. Haire, M. E. Himes, E. R. Memler, "Frog" J. L. Poirier, "Bing Crosby" L. A. Prey, Marvin Walker, R. E. Wharry, and "Pop" C. W. Wickman handle the regulation watches as captain's orderly, telephone switchboard operators and radio communication orderly. We picked

up Haines, Morris and Memler at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., and Gramling at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

We will lose the oldest member of the Marine Detachment, F. R. Sternkopf, upon returning to the West Coast in July, when he will receive a thirty-day furlough transfer to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. We wish old "Gyp-joint Sterne" all the luck in the world (he'll probably need it) and when he ships over we hope that he will come back to us. They tell us that a soda-slinger hasn't got a chance in the cruel, cruel, cold outside.

We left the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., March 1st, with about 1,600 sailors, Marines, officers and first class passengers on board, went to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, Cristobal, C. Z., through the Panama Canal to Balboa, C. Z., and up to San Diego, Calif. From San Diego to San Pedro and up to San Francisco, stopping from one to three days in these various ports. We stayed at San Francisco only about a day and left for Mare Island, about 20 miles away. Here the Marine Detachment had a chance to fire the rifle range, the first time in two years. Some of us fired into the money and the rest of the "Also Rans" are already looking forward to next year.

We left San Francisco April 13th for Honolulu, Hawaii. A few days before we hit this island paradise about half of us decided to get "de luxe" regulation haircuts and had all our hair cut off. The "top" didn't seem to like the idea, but he couldn't say anything because he has one just like it—permanently. Top, we always wondered why we never see you with your hat off.

In a few days we docked in Honolulu and most of us took off to Waikiki Beach, where many of the fairer sex hang out. It is interesting to watch these brown-skinned boys riding their surf boards, but I prefer something more stable.

After staying here for three days we got underway for that little dot of an island, Guam, almost in the middle of the Pacific



Ocean. On the way out the Bridge Deck was opened to the enlisted personnel for exercise and sun-bathing an hour each day and practically all hands turned out. Some stuck it out for almost the entire trip, but others preferred to have their workout in a horizontal position and can usually be found in their flop. A couple of days after we crossed the International Date Line we had a Ships' Smoker and a good time was had by all. A couple of the passengers put up a good fight and we hope to see more of them turn out on the return trip.

When we were about a day's travel from Guam we received a radio from the CinC ordering us to return to the SS *Northaven*, near Wake Island, saying she had two sick men on board and to provide medical assistance. These men were employed by the Pan-American Airways, Inc., building an air-station at Wake Island for a Trans-Pacific airline from the States to the Orient, expected to be inaugurated early this fall. We immediately retraced our course and in two and a half days met the SS *Northaven* about eight o'clock at night in the middle of the broad Pacific. We lowered a launch and with some difficulty managed to bring the men aboard, one of them suffering with a chronic ailment of the lungs and the other with an injury to his hand, after which both ships resumed their original course.

As usually happens on a transport ship on a long trip, we ran short of fresh water and it was rationed out at half a bucket a day to each man to take a bath and wash his clothes in.

We reached Guam about four days later, having lost five days' travel time, being at sea for 17 days, and traveling 1,180 miles out of our way. This had been a long trip and most of the boys took off for the short time they were allowed for liberty. They had only four hours, but you'd be surprised to know how much beer can be guzzled in that time.

We left Guam the same day and arrived in Manila, P. I., five days later. Liberty is fairly good here, but most of the men hit the beer joints such as the Silver Dollar and the Gin Fizz. (If I remember rightly, the authors staggered out of one of these places.) Taxis are cheap and you can ride all over town for forty centavos (twenty cents). There is a ruling against Service Men riding in the Caramatos, which are small horse-drawn buggies, and seem to be as plentiful as rishas in Shanghai.

We stayed in Manila for three days and left for Woosung, China, at the mouth of the Whangpoo River, arriving there about five days later. Here we took on a draft of Marines to fire in the Rifle Matches at Peiping. We didn't have any liberty here and left immediately for Chinwangtao, N. China. Went ashore here, but this is like most Chinese cities, nothing but a strong odor of rotten fish. We left the same day for Chefoo, which is also known for its strong odor, although some parts of the city are fairly clean. There were about ten cruisers of the Imperial Chinese Navy anchored in the harbor close to some of our tin cans in the Asiatic Fleet. We left Chefoo the same day and next day arrived at Tsingtao, which is known as the cleanest city in China. It was originally laid out and built by the Germans, but was taken over by the Japanese in 1917. The USS *Canopus*, Supply Ship, was anchored close by with five "Subs" tied alongside her.

We left Tsingtao and got underway for Shanghai, arriving there about two days later, coming about 22 miles up the Whangpoo River from Woosung. Sampans, sea-



HENDERSON MARINES ASHORE AT CRISTOBAL, C. Z.

Back Row: Haines, Alligood, Walker and Wharry. Front Row: Hines, Morris and Borner.

going, junks, river boats and modern steamers are swarming up and down the river at all times.

Shanghai is commonly known as the "Paris of the Orient," and practically every nation on earth is represented here. Scotch, German, American, French, British, and Italian soldiers, sailors and Marines mingle in the crowd. Rishas coolies seem to be everywhere and will follow you for blocks trying to get you to ride. The fare for riding a risha is about 20 cents Mex a mile, very cheap riding, but even they get tiresome after a while. There are beggars by the thousands, many of whom are really on the verge of starvation, but it is impossible to help them all.

If you miss the regular tender going between the ship and shore you can ride in a sampan for about 20 cents Mex. These are small boats sculled by Chinese Coolies which act as a water taxi and will hold about two persons.

Food and drinks are fairly cheap at the Service Men's Clubs such as the Privates' Club, N. C. O. Club, and the 1st and 2nd Battalion Clubs.

We will take on a draft of Marines here for the States, who have finished their tour of foreign service and are returning to the states for discharge and duty.

We leave here June 10th and expect to arrive at San Francisco July 18th, stopping at Manila, Guam and Honolulu. Will arrive on the East Coast the latter part of August. By the time we return to Norfolk, we will have traveled a total distance of 29,363 miles since leaving there.

Detachment Briefs: "Big Wolf" McKinstry seen in a Shanghai restaurant scoffing up several steak dinners, saying that he hadn't had a square meal since leaving Frisco (oh, this Navy chow)! . . . All was quiet in the Marine quarters about 8:15 one morning and not a soul was stirring until the "Top" came down the ladder— . . . Sandino, "All right knock it off" . . . The Indians in the wild and woolly west with their war whoops have nothing on "Pop" Wickman when he comes back about 2 A. M. . . . Alligood, "O. K., over on the chow, you guys" . . . Wilson snoring peacefully day or night in his flop.

## TUSCALOOSA BLACK WARRIORS

By "Sedy Smith"

Again we splash the familiar war paint and from it we'll attempt to trace a minute record of this "CANNED TRIBE," in its latest efforts to be Semper Fidelis.

Our arrival in San Diego meant the transfer of our very popular Junior Officer, First Lieutenant Beans, much to the regret of every man aboard. Mr. Beans in his duties as Ship's Service Officer and Detachment Athletic Director came into contact with the entire crew and his jolly personality and his perfect sense of humor earned the highest respect and regard of everyone. All hands wish Mr. Beans *Bon Voyage* on his tour of duty in FMF, Quantico, Va. All is not lost, however, for we are more than lucky to have Lieutenant Shaw as our new Junior Officer. His ready interests in the program of present and new activities is proof enough that the reins so recently handed him shall not lag. We are sincerely glad to have Lieutenant Shaw on board.

All hands are awaiting the call to snap in for the range. Three or five dollars have been dropped from many pay chits this last month. That much is missed for many are the times that amount will let you look at another card or a few more hours of liberty, so you will find everyone shooting at the Bullseye or near it and into the good ole "green" . . . among the new arrivals welcomed into the tribe is Corporal Hanson, lately of the U.S.S. *Chester*. Hanson taps a mean key in the Comm. shack to account for his requisition to the Pay Office Bi-monthly. Three other new warriors brightening up the Teepee are Privates Whalen, Link and Gunter, who came aboard on our departure from New York.

According to Prof. Azud and his tabulations this Detachment is the most recently formed; serving aboard the latest cruiser commissioned it being flagship of the latest cruiser division formed, it being comprised of three of the latest type cruisers. That's sump'm, but ask him what . . . New one-strippers are Coady, Pat Ashburn, and Chick Jenkins. The

(Continued on page 41)

# MANEUVERING WITH THE FIRST BATTALION 6th MARINES

BY E. W. PEASLEY

**I**T WAS early in the morning of the 30th of April and San Diego was still occupied in tranquil slumber when the U.S.S. *Utah* carrying the First Battalion, Sixth Marines, augmented by Batteries D and E of the 10th Marines, General Lyman, his staff, and Colonel Drum and the Regimental staff, pulled away from the Broadway dock and steamed out of the harbor to wait at Coronado Roads for its convoy. Seven hundred officers and enlisted men aboard constituting the Fleet Marine Force of the U. S. Fleet participating in Fleet Problem No. 16. At 4:30 P. M. we were joined by Destroyer Divisions 3 and 6, the U.S.S. *Dobbin*, their tender, the U.S.S. *Lexington*, and the cruisers *Chicago* and *Portland*. Out of the bay we steamed into the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean and the war game was on.

Just steaming along. How well that phrase elucidates our trip during the early days of May. Our days were occupied by the usual ship's routine, drilling on deck, and lectures and study periods on our forthcoming landing party. Zigzagging through mine zones and proceeding cautiously through the submarine zone north of Pearl Harbor, nights of darken ship, calm seas, precise routine, and, in general, just a period of awaiting the long anticipated maneuvers on Sand Island. We heard rumors of a hostile fleet, we learned that radio silence prevailed, we began to realize that this war game we were participating in was just about "the real thing." The *Lexington* sent up her planes daily to scan the horizon and occasionally to swoop down on the ships of the train. The destroyers, forming protecting wings for our convoy, darted through the waves even to the point of crossing our bow in a thrilling maneuver of exemplifying the old adage "A miss is as good as a mile." These destroyers keeping constant guard forced all enemy submarines to keep their periscopes down. On the 10th the U.S.S. *Chester* joined our train. Every night found more men sleeping on the topside as the warm tropical winds superseded the cold winds of the northern climes.

On Saturday the 11th of May we reached the objective of our journey, the Midway Islands, far out in the mid-Pacific, set off from the vast waters of the Pacific in a lagoon enclosed by a coral reef. Our duty was to attack a constructive force on Sand Island, the largest of the Midway group, capture the island, and hold it in defense of an attacking fleet. We had early reveille, each man was issued a day's rations, and with full combat equipment the Fleet Marine Force went over the side, down the cargo nets, and into the assembled motor launches of the *Utah*, the *Dobbin* and the cruisers. The land swells made the disembarking precarious, but the Marines, as a result of their thorough training in this phase, landed safely in the launches with no casualties. Planes from the U.S.S. *Lexington* laid a smoke screen for the advance of the Marines by sub-wave. Led by the infantry companies of the First Battalion and supported by the Machine Gun company and batteries from the 10th Marines, the Marines landed and cleaned up the beach defenses and captured Hill No. 43, supposedly the enemy

stronghold. Shortly after capturing the hill, the remainder of the island was taken.

By sundown, Sand Island was controlled by the Fleet Marine Force; our camp, named Camp Lyman, in honor of our Commanding General, had been founded; our galley had been set up and the men topped off a strenuous day with a warm "chow" and plenty of hot coffee. Forty-three planes, constituting the air squadron from Pearl Harbor, lay in the smooth waters of the lagoon, and the men of the FMF settled down in the sand for well earned sleep, being the first Marines to be on Sand Island since 1908 when a small Marine detachment was ashore here.

The following day, more equipment, ammunition and provisions were landed and a regular camp routine established. The next twelve days were occupied in organizing the defense of the island against the expected White Fleet accompanied by a large expeditionary force. The planes from Pearl Harbor were attached to our fleet, the "Black Fleet," and were constantly on patrol duty. Observation and security watches were established and everyone waited for the attack. All measures of defense were instigated and weapons and troop positions camouflaged.

The heat during the day caused by the sun beaming down on a practically sand-covered isle was intense, and flies kept a constant vigil over the camp. In the days to come, when Marines who made this maneuver bring up the subject of Sand Island, we venture to state that the two pictures that first come to their minds will be "gooney" birds and shiny white sand. Sand Island is a veritable bird sanctuary where thousands of albatross mate and bring up their young. There are white albatross and black ones and the young ones are very clumsy and ugly. Then there is the boatswain bird, a smaller white bird with a red tail feather. Incidentally, this bird is the only bird that we have ever seen that could fly backwards. Now, if you ever see a long red feather decorating a Marine's locker you will know that the feather is a gift of remembrance, given (?) by this noble specie of fowl to a visiting Leatherneck on Sand Island in May, 1935. In the small grove where the Cable Company has its quarters there are canaries that have been brought to the island and whose cheerful singing seems to take a little of the harshness from the other bird life.

Speaking of sand—readers, you have

never seen sand until you set foot upon this tiny island far out in the mid-Pacific. The surface of the entire island is white sand composed from pulverized coral. Here you see sand dunes, as white as the sheets you slept in when you were at home, rising out of a clear blue sea shining in their primeval seclusion. However, we will admit, that we could have gotten along very well without some of the sand which invariably blew into our food at mess time.

On the twenty-second we received word that the White Fleet had been blocked by our ships and that we could break up our defensive of the island and return to the good ship *Utah*. The afternoon and part of the next morning was occupied by re-embarking and on the afternoon of the 23rd we sailed for the island of Oahu and Honolulu.

Perhaps the main item of interest on our four-day cruise to Honolulu and Pearl Harbor was the Happy Hour and Smoker presented jointly by the crew of the U.S.S. *Utah* and members of the Fleet Marine Force. First Lt. Paul Drake proved an adept Master of Ceremonies, his clever introductions furnishing great amusement to all, except, possibly, Lieutenant Williams, referee of the boxing bouts. The bouts were quite exciting and the music from the Battalion orchestra kept everyone in fine humor. There was plenty of variety on the menu, ranging from Hillbillie music to a competitive "gooney bird" imitation contest, which, incidentally, was won by Private Moody from Company "D" and Private Griffith from Battery "D," a fine "gooney bird" team. However, the star of the evening was our own Solomon Davis, the crooning property sergeant from Company "D" who literally brought down the house with his songs and stories. This Happy Hour brought forth as much talent as we have ever seen in any service and brought the crew of the *Utah* and the Marines into a closer spirit of fellowship.

The following day we had a short smoker for the benefit of the Fox camera man aboard who wanted some movies of Marines fighting in the squared circle. The old master, "Mickey" Green and "Tony" Frederico gave a real exhibition of how Marines throw leather, Mickey getting the decision. Al Serrano and "Blondy" Kolarik fought two fast rounds, Kolarik, with a weight advantage having a shade over the clever wop from Oakland.

On the afternoon of the 27th we steamed into Pearl Harbor and joined the fleet at anchor there. The next four days found the majority of the men taking in the sights of the island of Oahu and Honolulu.

Early on the morning of June the first the *Utah* departed from Pearl Harbor and nightfall found us nestled in the beautiful harbor of Hilo, principal port of entry to the island of Hawaii.

Our stay in Hilo was for only three



Marines Evacuating Midway Islands



The upper pictures show Camp Lyman on Sand Island, May 2nd. It looks like snow, but don't let it fool you. The dense foliage seen in the upper right hand picture is a magnolia growth.



Picture to the left is of the Battalion Commander and Staff of 1st Battalion, 6th Marines. Left to right: Lt. Hammond, Major Strong, Lt-Col. Clarke, Capt. Fricke and Lt. Dodge. In the foreground is a gooney bird, a young Albatross.

days but our visit in that somnolent Eden was one that we shall never forget. Our ship and the *Memphis* were the only warships in the port and the people of Hilo welcomed us as real friends. Dances were given for both the officers and enlisted men, and the Hilo Aloha Committee brought a group of talented native dancers aboard the *Utah* and, needless to state, were more than appreciated.

With our Battalion Divisional Rifle Champions as a nucleus we sent a rifle team over the Hilo to meet the Hilo Legion Gun Club in rifle and pistol matches and won in both classes. This was the first loss that the Hilo team had suffered in 17 matches.

Volcano parties were organized to go to the Kilauea Volcano, whose firepit has been active almost continuously since its discovery. This volcano is located in the Hawaii National Park whose area is 245 square miles. Kilauea erupts at least once a year. In this park are also the volcano of Mauna Loa, which erupts once about every four years, and is the largest single mountain mass in the world and has poured out more lava during the last century than any other volcano in the world; the volcano of Haleakala, another massive volcano; and everything one can imagine in the line of tropical beauty.

While in port we furnished a permanent Shore Patrol, Lieutenant Kirk serving as Patrol Officer, with 1st Sgt. Eddie Mullen as his assistant. The patrol performed their duties in a remarkable manner and formed many friendships among the police and other citizens of Hilo.

We might scribble on and on telling of the beauties of Hilo and Hawaii, of its water falls and "mango trees," of the adventures of our Marines ashore, but time and space will not allow, so we shall take you back to the good ship *Utah* headed for San Diego and the good old U. S. A.

Our trip from Hawaii to San Diego was devoid of excitement and we arrived back in San Diego the morning of June the 12th. En route to the United States Brigadier General Lyman received word that he was selected for Major General and the members of the Fleet Marine

Force unite in offering him congratulations.

Lt. Col. Thomas Clarke is leaving us for duty as Executive Officer of the Sixth Marines, but we know that he will always have a warm place in his heart for this First Battalion, the men of which he brought through the embryonic stage. We wish him luck, advancement and happiness wherever he may go.

It is the evening of the twelfth and as taps sound over the parade ground we lie in our bunks, living for a few brief moments our trip on maneuvers. It was no picnic, but, in spite of a few hardships, we feel that it was a thrilling interlude from a life oftentimes monotonous. We did our job, landed and had the situation well in hand, and now we can turn over and settle down in that comfortable bunk. Yes, sir, it is mighty nice to be home, and this bunk we can really appreciate. So good night, readers, we must catch up on a little sleep.

## FIRST BATTALION NON-COM REENLISTS ON SAND ISLAND

By E. W. P.

It was the 18th of May, 1935, and the

sun beat down on the white expanse of Sand Island. Just another day to some 650 Marines on this little Pacific isle, but it was a day to be long remembered by one member of the First Battalion, Cpl. Harold Reeves of Company "C."

On this date it was his honor to be the first Marine to reenlist on Sand Island, Midway Islands. As Colonel Clarke gave him the oath of acceptance there seemed to be a strange stillness hovering over this far off island in the mid Pacific, with only the albatross and boatswain birds as silent witnesses. Four more years to serve in the United States Marine Corps and it was entirely fitting that Corporal Reeves had the signal honor to be the first Marine to raise his hand and say "I do" on Sand Island, as there are few, if any, finer representatives of the service and all round good fellows than this "recruit" from Company "C." Corporal Reeves has 14 years of service in the U. S. Army and Marine Corps and has 4 excellent discharges. He recently returned from service in China and we wish him luck and success in the continuance of serving in our First Battalion, Sixth Marines.

## RECRUITING NEWS

By A. W. Kessler

**T**HE MISSION of the Recruiting Service of the Marine Corps is to procure for the Corps the very best men mentally, normally and physically, that the country affords. From all reports received, the Recruiting Service is carrying out its mission in a very satisfactory manner.

The Officer in Charge of Recruiting, Col. James J. Meade, U. S. Marine Corps, made a recent inspection of the Southern Recruiting Division and spent several days at Parris Island observing the type of recruits enlisted. His report is that, from farm and city, the Marine Corps is receiving a very high type of recruit.

Col. William C. Harlee, U. S. Marine Corps, was relieved from duty as Officer in

Charge of the Southern Recruiting Division on July 1st, and placed on the retired list. Colonel Harlee left many friends in the Southern Division, particularly in New Orleans, his headquarters station. He will be relieved by Col. Frank T. Evans, U. S. Marine Corps, now in command of the Marines in the Hawaiian Islands, about September 1st. In the meantime, Capt. George R. Rowan, U. S. Marine Corps, Officer in Charge of the Recruiting District of New Orleans, will carry on as Division Recruiting Officer.

Maj. Louis Fagan, U. S. Marine Corps, Officer in Charge of the Recruiting District of Savannah, will be detached from that station and assigned to duty as Officer in Charge of the Recruiting District of Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 40)



# West Coast News

## BASE NEWS

By D. S. C.

San Diego is adjudged one of the most beautiful spots in America, and rightly so. Mother Nature was bountiful, almost to excess, in spreading beautiful and enduring scenery. And, in the matter of climate, there is nothing which would appropriately express the unending gratitude and heartfelt thanks of an already over-blessed population. All this has been greatly enhanced by the newly constructed buildings and landscaping in Balboa Park for the California Pacific International Exposition.

All this is undoubtedly the reason for the numerous military weddings, and inspections that we have been attending, the greatest publicity of which surrounded the wedding of twin Marines to twin sisters of Oneida, Kansas.

The twins' wedding provided the highlight of the opening of the Mission Beach amusement center at 10:30 p.m., June 24th. Ptes Ray Alvin Sebring and Roy Calvin Sebring, of the Second Battalion, Fleet Marine Force, married Lois Maude Coats and Louise May Coats, Seattle girls. All are twenty-two years of age and each was born at Oneida, Kansas, but the romances developed only a short while ago, as a result of an advertisement for twin husbands by the girls who felt that they could not bear to be separated. Upon answering the advertisement, it developed that the boys, who had moved from Oneida when three years old, had played as little children with the twin girls, and the childhood love affair(s) soon culminated into a double military wedding. The twins now occupy an attractive bungalow on Moore Street, near Five Points.

Lt. Joseph A. Smoak, U.S.M.C., was one of the others who couldn't resist California's climate while serving at the Naval Air Station in Coronado, as, a short time ago, he returned to Bethesda, Mary-

land. On June 21st, Lieutenant Smoak and Miss Mary Grace Bogusch, daughter of Mrs. Harry Robert Bogusch, and the late Commander Bogusch, U.S.N., were united in marriage at St. John's Episcopal church, and then left by motor for Pensacola, Florida, where he will be stationed.

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, accompanied by Mrs. Russell, and his aide Capt. Edward Farrell, arrived by train on June 24th, and inspected the Marine Corps Base. After the inspection, General Russell made an official call on Rear Admiral William T. Tarrant, Commandant of the Eleventh Naval District, and then, accompanied by Exposition officials, he forgot official cares for the next few days enjoying the hospitality of the California Pacific International Exposition, and at various receptions given in his honor, and then left for San Francisco on July first.

Sgt. Maj. George B. Karchner has arrived here from Mare Island, and, as he has completed more than thirty years' service, will be retired shortly. Gy-Sgt. Philip T. Odien, formerly of the U. S. S. *Minneapolis*, ordered to this Base, is being transferred to the East Coast via the next trip of the U.S.S. *Henderson*, for further transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Major Herbert Hardy, who recently arrived here from Quantico, has been assigned to duty to organize and train the volunteer reserve platoon leaders' class, assisted by Capt. Edward A. Craig and Francis M. Wulbern.

It is noted that of the eighteen men from base troops who fired the rifle for requalification the other day, all requalified. During the same period, 39 recruits fired the course and 34 qualified with rifle. It is interesting to note that high gun in this firing was made by Pvt. Edward M. George, a recruit who had never fired a service rifle before.

Information has been received from the Fourth Marines, Shanghai, that 1st Sgt.

George Nelson, member of that unit, and well known to San Diego Marines, will be presented with the Order of the Most Brilliant Jade by the Chinese Government. This award is the government's second highest, and this will be the first time it has been given to an American. Nelson, who formerly served in the Guardia Nacional (in Nicaragua), acted as the aide and adviser to Vice President Espinoza, of Nicaragua, during the latter's recent visit to Shanghai, and accompanied that official to Nanking, where they were guests of the Chinese government.

## RED DEVILS OF BOMBING FOUR—MARINES

With wails of the siren, a toot of the whistle, and an off key blare of the bugle, the anchor of the good ship *Langley* was weighed on the opening chapter of Fleet Problem XVI. As a member of the White Train our dear old "Covered Wagon," laden with flying Marines, escorted it through the submarine infested waters of the balmy Pacific to the surf-board infested waters of Honolulu. Enemies being prone to attack in the ungodly hours of dawn, so must the defenders be up and about to make the affair of interest. Consequently, we were subjected to reveilles reminiscent of early risings at home to milk cows, et seq., in order to launch our all-seeing aviators on their dawn patrols. Dusk reconnoitering terminated the flight operations only to plunge the ship into the inky blackness of "Darken Ship"; groping about the ship in the ghastly glare of battle lights, was a condition well known to everyone.

Despite those strenuous activities, basking in the sun, fistcuffs, "strong-man" exercising, and handballing kept all hands in a good, or should we say peaceful mood. We managed to deliver the Train safely to Honolulu for which VB-4M shared in a "well done" from the Commander White Train.

"Hi-de-ho, and who's going ashore today?" All work and no play will make even Marines dull boys—so we sailed forth in search for pleasure, beer, skittles, and grass skirts for the girl back home; our hard earned iron "man" ready to enrich the coffers of the Isle. "But, sire, I had only a drink of beer—well maybe two drinks of beer, I couldn't have been inebriated!" One of the men, unfortunately, wound up in the hospital as a result of a mishap—or was it a flower pot fell on his head? However, from diversions of every description to choose from, we chose them all. Some were even seen pedaling bicycles about the avenues of Honolulu.

On to Midway! The enemy awaits—and waits. The same old routine once more and soon we were within striking distance of the island. The "War" became too realistic as we were detached from the attack to search for those six brave Navy men who gave their lives in the disastrous crash of their flying boat. An extensive search failed to reveal any trace of the catastrophe, aside from scattered pieces of wreckage, and the search was abandoned.

On the return trek to Honolulu Cpl. G. P. Bunker made a hurried but quite graceful pancake landing in the water after being inadvertently thrown from the flight deck by a fast taxiing plane. What might have been disaster proved for the Corporal an opportunity to take a much desired swim. He was rescued by the boat



CAPTAIN BOYDEN AND LIEUTENANT BAILEY VISIT SHIRLEY TEMPLE  
The Marine officers visited the picture lot in Hollywood during a recent cross country

## THE LEATHERNECK



Platoon 9, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. A. B. Hudson and Cpl. W. C. Hulburd

from the plane guard destroyer and brought aboard with his cap on his head, his keys in his mouth, his dungarees slung over his shoulder, and a very wide grin on his face—a wee bit embarrassed by the sudden lime light, but none the worse physically. However, high diving from the flight deck in the future will not be done by Bunker.

What! Honolulu again! Sho' 'Nuff, Morine, sho' 'nuff! Woe and alas, our meager funds were running shorter, only half of that dollar left, but as pop wrote in his last letter, money isn't everything. Regardless, we did not allow the mere lack of money cramp our style—Much!

Off to the "War" again with our native shores as the goal, and to our surprise it was more of a pleasure cruise than the one out. Very few "black nights," a move now and then, and we were able to read until almost eight o'clock of an evening. No doubt, had we behaved ourselves, we would have been granted an extra half hour. No matter for by that time we were reading last year's papers. The pilots were kept alert by flights now and then. An early morning attack and Bombing Four won in the race to be the first to take a "crack" at the *Ranger* since she joined the fleet. It is sufficient to say that with First Lieutenant Manley, our commander, leading the attack, catching the *Ranger* launching planes, she was well "taken."

Home, and an aerial review as the fleet steamed proudly into San Diego Harbor—but plans for the grand finale were check-mated by the ever present low clouds (commonly called fog in other localities). The highly successful series of maneuvers, which gave Marine aviation a chance to make a good account of itself, came to an end. To attempt to name our officers and high-priced non-coms, who contributed to the success of the "Wars" would not be in order, however, we blushingly admit that VB-4M performed every task with credit. So we close out the page with a final notation of "a good cruise."

#### VO SQUADRON 8M, AIRCRAFT TWO, FMF.

After months of deep silence we feel the time has arrived for the carrier Marines to further annoy the readers of these columns. We left you last in Norfolk, just as we were about to embark in the *Langley* for the west coast. At that time the Marine carrier squadrons were Scouting Fourteen from the *Saratoga* and Scouting Fifteen from the *Lexington*. We boarded the *Langley* and after an uneventful trip arrived in San Diego the morning of November 9th, last.

Upon arrival home the two squadrons

were joined to once more form VO Squadron 8M, which had been out of the picture for many months. Capt. Walter G. Farrell assumed command with Lt. William C. Lemly as his executive officer. We then settled down to a period of intense training.

Many of the older pilots had been detached and new pilots took their places. New observers joined and a series of schedules started that called for all hands to produce, and HOW! We had completed fixed gunnery in Norfolk so all that remained was for us to complete, in about three months, was free gunnery, bombing on a land target, bombing on a sea target, individual camera gunnery, squadron camera gunnery, tactical work with the 6th Marines on Camp Kearney Mesa, night and day BOUNCER DRILL (otherwise known as field carrier landings), and innumerable radio and navigation drills with the *Langley*. During this period as many pilots as could be spared ferried new planes from the east coast to replace our old SU's which were almost "shot with sea service."

In March we boarded the "Covered Wagon" for a five-day cruise, accompanied by VB Squadron 4M, Aircraft Two's bombing outfit equipped with Boeing fighters. That was VB's first carrier experience, but with many old carrier pilots flying for them they made out very well. The mechanics who hadn't been to sea before worked into this peculiar business very well indeed, and moans and groans were noticeably absent.

After the short cruise we started work on the new planes, getting them ready for the big cruise. We received the latest and best in radio equipment, including directional finders—one for each plane, and forthwith installed them and worked out the kinks of which there were very few. The planes are about the best of this type that Marines have had and are more nearly built for their purpose than anything we've been able to get before.

Upon leaving North Island shortly after May 1st we started daily submarine patrols from 0430 to 1830. These patrols were flown in five-hour shifts and eyes fairly bulged from sockets looking for submarines. Believe you me, at the end of four hours, one could see a tiny submarine at any or all points of the horizon at once. Purely a figment of the imagination, as someone found out.

Finally, when we took off while cruising very early one morning, we did see a submarine, and in fact several were found. They were supposed to attack our carrier, and we heard that one did. But for the most part the submarines were always looking in the wrong places.

Enough of warfare for a while. Sherman was right, but he was only talking about real war, and not about simulated

warfare, which is infinitely worse. When the gangway was put over the side at Pearl Harbor the busses and taxis were swarmed, and the "trek to Mecca" started, where the beer is cold and there could be no "darken ship" at night.

And now we leave you, friends, as our career from here on out is unpredictable. More war is ahead of us and San Diego is in the dim and distant future. At any rate, stand by for some more dope from us in a few months.

#### SECOND BATTALION, 6TH MARINES, FMF.

By James F. Carr

First we wish to say that we are proud to have our Battalion Commander back, Lt. Col. Thomas E. Watson, who has been ill in the Naval Hospital here for the past three weeks. Maj. John P. Adams assumed command during the absence of the Colonel.

There has been an addition to our body of able officers in this battalion during the last three weeks, 1st Lt. Austin R. Brunelli, 2nd Lt. Samuel D. Puller and 1st Lt. F. C. Thompson. We are proud to have them join us and wish them a pleasant tour of duty in this Battalion.

The Battalion Sergeant Major, T. C. Burton, has really got system about doing things. He goes fishing, sets a new fish catching record (or it was at least a good fish story), gets a coat of tan, and is a year older when he returns. And more than that it all happened in one day.

There was quite a bit of interest manifested in the Company baseball teams of this battalion during the past few weeks. Everyone realizes that there is plenty of good material in most every company, but Company "H" seemed to have the edge on the rest of them as they only lost one game.

If any one doesn't think this battalion has good Marines in it they should ask some of the girls that visit the Exposition. There is a detail of five husky Marines and you can bet they know how to tell the inquisitive about Uncle Sam's Sea Soldiers. Too, during the recent visit of ex-president Hoover and Sec. of Commerce Roper we have had the honor of being Honor Guard under the able direction of Maj. John P. Adams, our Battalion Executive Officer. We will be as well represented in the parade to be held in the city of San Diego on July 4th.

The Battalion wishes to congratulate Privates First Class Haggulund and Wolfe on their recent promotion to Corporal. However, we have not noticed any smoke from cigars that they have passed around.

(Continued on page 39)



## SHANGHAI NEWS LETTER

The last month has seen a great change in the personnel of the Fourth Regiment. The *Henderson* brought men from the United States, east and west coast, Guam, Cavite, and Peiping. Some of these men had been introduced to the vagaries of a Marine's life in Shanghai before, but for the most of the newcomers, this is the first visit.

The regiment had no sooner completed its farewells to the homegoers than it found itself facing the task of greeting, feteing, and initiating the newcomers. Both the farewells and the greetings were accomplished to the utmost satisfaction of everyone. The dance in honor of the homegoing detail, held on the night of May 31st, was said to be the most successful ever held in the regiment. The Fourth Marine Orchestra furnished a program of twenty dance numbers that were enjoyed by all hands. Interspersed with the dancing, the Canidrome Gardens furnished entertainment topped by the ever-popular trio, Buster Dunstan and the Garcia sisters. Bob Galloway, musician extraordinary, the Royal Hawaiian Trio, and the British comedy duo of Pete and Fifi rounded out a program that was very well received by all present.

Newcomers were initiated into the mysteries of Fourth Marine life without delay. Out-of-bounds territories were described, clothes were drawn, equipment was balanced and shined, club books were opened and life in Shanghai became a fact and not a dream.

This fact was brought home very forcibly by the Inspection of the Regiment by

the Commander in Chief of the Asiatic Fleet which commenced before the newcomers had hardly finished polishing equipment and procuring tailor-made khaki—two of the many things which go to make a man a full fledged member of the Fourth. The Regiment shone as it had never shone before, however, and from the opening Regimental Parade at the Race Course until the last man had been inspected in his billet, the inspection went off without a hitch. Many were the proud glances cast upon shining equipment and immaculate clothing by the owners thereof when the Inspector had passed and they knew they had "gotten by" again. What a grand and glorious feeling!

The Army & Navy "Y" in Shanghai is a very positive factor in Marine recreational life. They leave no stone unturned to provide opportunities for amusement and facilities for recreation. A regular feature has been the contract bridge parties on Monday evenings. Another feature, which is very educational, is the series of "Things Chinese" discussion groups. These discussions on some phase of Chinese history, economics, religion, etc., which have been given consecutively for 62 weeks, will be brought to a close on Wednesday evening, June 26th. Many noted speakers have appeared on this program and those regular in attendance have a very comprehensive knowledge of things Chinese.

One of the highlights of a Marine's stay in the Orient is his opportunity to make an excursion into the interior of China. The last batch of travelers to return from such a trip report many interesting and educational experiences. This trip took in

Hangchow, Soochow, and other interesting points in north China. The excursion traveled approximately 450 miles and lasted over a period of six days. The party boarded houseboats and proceeded up the Whangpu. Their first stop was Wusih, where many interesting bits of rural Chinese life were witnessed. Silk filatures, factories, and other places of interest gave the men plenty of insight upon modern China. From Wusih, they went to Hangchow and visited the temples. They witnessed many fine bits of ancient architecture at this place. The next stop was Lake Taku, where they cruised around a bit taking in the forts and pretty islands. This was the place where so many pirates plied their illicit trade until the soldiers were called out and many buildings and forts still bear marks of the flying bullets. The next and last stop was Soochow, with its Tiger Hill and Leaning Pagoda. Everyone returned with a new understanding of China and its life, and with renewed zest for the daily routine.

Many of the boys suffered a hard blow to their plans and aspirations when word was passed that extending for Shanghai was a relic of the "good old days." Loud were the moans and groans. The city of Shanghai furnishes more novel sights, interesting experiences and recreational facilities than almost any other city in the world and the regulation two years have passed before the average person can begin to see and do the things that he would like. Make the best of all opportunities though, and you will know more about China, its interesting sights and customs, than the average person who spends a great deal of money and time to enjoy them.

## MARINES OPEN FIRST FEDERAL UNITED STATES COURT ABROAD

Hear ye! Hear ye! This is the United States Court for China!

Assembled on 15 May, 1935, in Johnson Hall, the newly completed recreation building of the American Legation Guard, Peiping, China, we find for the first time in history a United States Federal Court convened on a Naval Reservation abroad and, probably, the first such court to meet on any Naval Reservation.

The excellent facilities for a court room, as exists in Johnson Hall, was made possible through the courtesy of Col. P. M. Rixey, Jr., USMC., commanding the Marine Detachment, American Legation Guard. "Both orthodox and satisfactory" is the comment of Judge Milton J. Helmick, former commissioned officer of the U. S. Army.

Three Marines, 1st Sgt. Emanuel Yalowitz, Pfc. B. R. Quick and Pvt. J. W. Hooks, were sworn in as Deputy U. S. Marshals. Yalowitz, acting as court bailiff, opened and closed the session.

Quick and Hooks acted as court attend-



The Honorable, the United States Court for China, Judge Milton J. Helmick, Presiding, Sitting in Johnson Hall, American Legation Guard, Peiping.





#### FIRST BATTALION, FOURTH MARINES

Sitting (left to right): Lt. R. A. Olson, Dr. J. N. C. Gordon, Major A. Young, Lt. Col. E. N. McClellan (Commanding Battalion), Capt. M. J. Gould, Lt. R. N. Jordahl, Capt. R. J. Bartholomew; Standing (left to right): Lt. P. A. McDonald, Capt. J. D. Colomy, Lt. A. J. Keller, Lt. H. C. Tschirgi, Capt. C. H. Yost, Lt. C. E. Chapel, Lt. M. S. Rahiser, Lt. J. C. Burger, Lt. E. H. Phillips, Lt. N. Hussa, Lt. T. A. Holdahl; Col. S. B. Kennedy and Lt. P. A. Shiebler were absent, on leave, when picture was taken.

ants, maintaining order and ushering witnesses and spectators to their proper places, while Yalowitz was endowed with the additional duty of serving subpoenas. At the completion of the court, Judge Helmick expressed his entire approval of the manner in which they performed their duties.

Court was adjourned on June 1st and will probably re-open about June 21st.

This sidelight on the Marine Corps gives an inkling of the numerous and varied duties that the Leathernecks are called upon to perform in all parts of the world.

#### FOURTH MARINES' SPORT NEWS

On 18 May, 1935, under ideal weather conditions, and with the flags of eight different nations waving gallantly at intervals around the field, China won the Fifth International Track Meet, garnering a total of 119 points. China showed one of the best balanced track teams seen in this competition for the past few years, taking first place in thirteen of the eighteen events and scoring heavily in all the other events except the 200 meters and the javelin. The team of Marines representing the United States dropped to fourth place in the meet.

Starting promptly at 1:30 p. m., the meet was opened in duplication of the 1932 Olympics held in Los Angeles. The band of the Fourth Marines sounded Adjutants Call, and the athletes of eight nations formed in column of squads to follow the band and the officials of the meet in an impressive parade, as a preliminary ceremony to the firing of the first starting gun of the meet. The team of Marines did all their scoring in the running events. Taking into consideration the stiff opposition these men were up against the results were very gratifying.

Now is the time for all good fans to

come to the aid of their favorite baseball teams. The Fourth Marines have always had a good ball team. This year due to the few number of teams in and around Shanghai the regiment has been split up into battalion teams. These battalion teams take turn at playing with the other service teams and the civilians. Between the battalion teams there is a league called the MacGregor League. Between the battalion teams and the civilians there is the Dollar Directory League. A cup will be awarded to the champions in each of the leagues.

On Friday, 31 May, 1935, the official opening of the MacGregor Cup League took place at the Race Course when the Second Battalion trounced the First Battalion in a ten inning game. The Old King was

**BROADCAST FOR THE  
SEPTEMBER LEATHERNECK  
SHOULD REACH EDITORS  
BEFORE AUGUST 8**

ushered in with an impressive ceremony. Captain Swinnerton, Regimental Athletic Officer, formed the two teams on single file facing the flag pole where Old Glory was raised to the tune of "Star Spangled Banner!"

At 3:15 sharp, the Second Battalion took the field with Colonel Beaumont and Lt. Colonel McClellan forming the battery. The Colonel wound up and shot a fast one by the batter and the Ump called it a strike. Mullenax and Murphy then took their places and the game was really on.

Saturday, 8 June, the Dollar Directory League opened up with the Amateurs (civilian team) winning from the Headquarters Battalion by the narrow margin of 4 to 3.

Zatkoff of the Headquarters team was

the outstanding performer of the game. Playing short-stop he was ever on the job and when he threw the ball to first it always got there in plenty of time. Zatkoff is probably the best short-stop in the league.

Besides our baseball teams the Fourth Marines have been taking an active interest in tennis and in swimming.

The Fourth Marines' Tennis Team swung into action on the 23rd of May at the Enlisted Men's Club tennis courts when they met the Inskillings team, in a round robin tournament. The match resulted in a win for the Fourth's team by 148 to 112 points.

It was purely an informal affair, calculated to give the players of both teams a chance to test their skill in competition. Five doubles teams competed, with each team playing eleven games. Only one team during the afternoon was able to win all five of their matches. Stumpf and Perkins forming the high scoring team of the day, compiling a total of 43 points.

From the way the team is shaping up it looks as though Lieutenant Rixey, Regimental Tennis Coach, might be able to cop some tournaments in outside competition. Right now the team from Headquarters Battalion has the inter-battalion series sewed up as far as a championship is concerned.

The Regimental Swimming Team, although not having any meets right now, are constantly practicing so they will be in good shape for future competitions.

When the Henderson sailed back to the States this last time she took back with her several athletes among whom were Lock, Olsen, MacDonald, Young and Hudson. With the new arrivals including a few old timers of the Regiment, who are right into the Spirit of the Fourth Marines, our athletics will be up to par in no time. That Fourth Marine standard.

# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## BROOKLYN'S OWN RESERVE BATTALION DOES WELL AT FIRST CAMP AT SEA GIRT

Third Battalion from Brooklyn Navy Yard Holds Own with Veteran Outfits in Provisional Regiment; Prepares for Maneuvers

**B**ROOKLYN'S Own Battalion—the "Baby Battalion" of this part of the country—held its own with three veteran organizations in the annual summer encampment at Sea Girt, N. J., the weeks of June 16th to 30th. Competing with organizations which had been at summer camp several times previously, the new outfit, organized February 1st and commanded by Maj. Bernard S. Barron, FMCR, went through its schedule like regulars, and added a few individual touches to the encampment on the Jersey coast.

Although but two of its five units ever had fired the .30 calibre rifle on a range, the Third Battalion placed second out of the four battalions in qualifications, despite the fact that numerous officers and men of the outfit were disqualified from firing for record due to not having shot the .22 course during the fiscal year. In addition

to this, the Third Battalion presented the first evening parade in blues at the camp, had the largest number of entries in the boxing and wrestling bouts staged for Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey on the final night in camp, and generally conducted itself as a veteran outfit during the fifteen days at Sea Girt. It also had the largest percentage of strength of all four battalions at the camp, and with Company D (the old Navy Yard Guard Detachment) having the largest percentage of attendance of any company, won the honor of color battalion and company for the provisional regiment, commanded by Maj. Melvin Krulewitch, FMCR, the camp commander.

All in all the lads from the Brooklyn Navy Yard are rather pleased with their record at Sea Girt and are looking forward to the year of work which lies be-

tween this camp and the next one, where they will endeavor to live up to Major Barron's motto of "The Third shall be first!" In addition to other accomplishments they were the only battalion to produce their own battalion song, written by Major Barron to the tune of Cornell University's famous chant, "Far Above Cayuga's Waters," and with lyric as follows:

*In the service of our nation  
On the land and sea.  
Proud of our deserved distinction  
We shall always be.*

*(Refrain)*

*Lift our guidons high to Heaven  
God, our Corps preserve!  
Hail to thee, our Third Battalion!  
Proudly thee we serve.*

*Hail the Eagle, Globe and Anchor,  
Emblem of our might.  
Always faithful to our motto  
We are first to fight!*

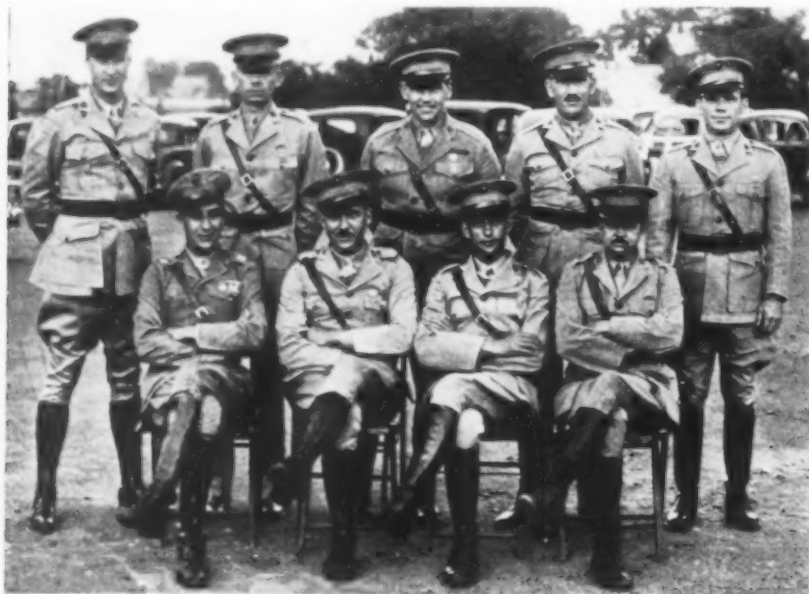
*(Refrain)*

*Lift our guidons high to Heaven  
God, our Corps preserve!  
Hail to thee, our Third Battalion!  
Proudly thee we serve.*

This song was played by the battalion band on its march down Broadway in New York City en route to the railroad station, and also sung for Governor Hoffman when he entered the arena for the boxing and wrestling bouts on the last night of camp, as well as on hikes and field problems.

Within the Battalion itself there was the closest competition as to which company would carry off the highest honors. Company A, the "General's Own," and commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan, FMCR., admittedly did the best work in proportion to its limited existence and small numbers at camp, and was complimented by Brig. Gen. Richard Williams, USMC., Chief of Reserve, after whom it was designated "The General's Own," and who visited the camp for several days. With three men shooting for record, and all qualifying, it was the high-shot unit of the Battalion, followed by Company B, commanded by 1st Lt. Fred Lindlaw, FMCR., and Company D, commanded by Capt. M. V. O'Connell, FMCR., and Company C, commanded by Capt. Howard W. Houck, FMCR. Neither Company A nor Company D ever had fired the .30 calibre range before and did exceedingly well under the circumstances.

The loss of Capt. Howard Houck, FMCR., commanding C Company, obviously mitigated against the chances of this unit for highest honors. Captain Houck was stricken early in the first week with an arm ailment which resulted in his being sent to



MARINE CORPS RESERVE OFFICERS ASSIGNED TO CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS IN THE THIRD CORPS AREA ATTENDING SCHOOL FOR RESERVE OFFICERS AT FORT GEORGE G. MEADE, MARYLAND, JUNE 9 TO 29, 1935  
Back row: 2nd Lt. P. J. Haltigan, Jr., Capt. J. B. Berry, 1st Lt. W. E. Loveland, 1st Lt. D. R. Hyland, 1st Lt. C. H. Cox; Front Row: Capt. F. R. Geraci, 2nd Lt. P. W. Hazes, 1st Lt. T. L. Bartlett, 1st Lt. J. B. Griffin.

the Naval Hospital at Lakehurst for ten days. Company B was fortunate in being the only unit of the Battalion to have a company officer in addition to the company commander, in 2nd Lt. Edgar Persky, FMCR., who also acted as Battalion police officer.

Captain O'Connell, who coaches the Third Battalion basketball team, was designated by Major Krulwitsch as Camp Athletic Officer, and despite the long hard training schedule the men went through, was able to furnish six boxing and wrestling bouts which preceded the all-star Broadway vaudeville entertainment which Governor Hoffman arranged for the final night of the Reserves' stay in camp. The outcome of the bouts was as follows:

#### BOXING

(3 Rounds to Decision)

Pfc. Tom Mastell, 126 lbs., Co. C, 4th Bn., won over Cpl. Tom Giordani, 125 lbs., Co. C, 4th Bn.

Pvt. Scotty Peck, 137 lbs., Co. D, 3rd Bn., won over Pvt. Joe Sanganese, 135 lbs., Co. C, 3rd Bn. Technical K. O., 1st round.

Pvt. Gene Diamond, 155 lbs., Co. D, 3rd Bn., won over Pvt. Joe Dellarco, 175 lbs., Co. C, 4th Bn. Decision.

#### WRESTLING

(10 Min. Limit or Falls, 2 out of 3)

Pvt. Geo. Heintz, Co. C, 1st Bn., won over Pvt. Harvey DeLorme, Co. C, 1st Bn.

Pvt. Frank Evert, Co. C, 1st Bn. (145), defeated Pvt. John Quevedo (150), Co. D, 3rd Bn. (2 falls; 4 min.—2 min. 40 sec.)

Pfc. Whitie Simoni, Co. A, 4th Bn., defeated Cpl. Ralph Teranzi, Co. D, 4th Bn. (2 falls; 1 min. 40 sec.—1 min. 30 sec.)

The Reserves gave Governor Hoffman and his party an uproarious welcome as the New Jersey chief executive took his place at the ringside for the bouts. After the bouts and show a feast of sandwiches and beer was provided by the New Jersey Governor, who was enjoying his first reviews and reception since becoming Governor, from the Marine Reserve regiment.

The first encampment of the Third Battalion served several purposes, namely getting the various units closer together as a battalion, and giving the new companies which never before had attended a regular summer camp the idea of what the Corps is like in the field. The Battalion Band, under the direction and command of Capt. John V. D. Young, FMCR., did nobly in all the parades and other ceremonies performed at the camp, being consolidated with the 6th Battalion (Philadelphia) band on several occasions. The Third Battalion also had the honor of furnishing the Camp Adjutant in Capt. Wm. Carey, FMCR., the Camp Quartermaster in Capt. John V. D. Young, FMCR., the senior camp trumpeter in Cpl. Trumpeter Julius Goldsmith of Company D, 3rd Bn., and several other specialist officers and non-coms for special camp duty.

All in all it was a highly successful encampment for the new Third Battalion and the officers and men are eagerly looking forward and working toward their next summer duty, the meanwhile burning midnight oil in preparation for the joint land-sea-air maneuvers over Long Island the end of this month (August). Drills were resumed immediately after the return to the Navy Yard, and among the social features of recent date was the opening of the Battalion Officers' Club in Building E of the Navy Yard.

## CAPITAL RESERVES

By Jos. Sawyer

Twenty-one years ago this August 4th the British Government took a distinct dislike to conditions and went into what became history's greatest war. By coincidence Maj. Harvey L. Miller's Fifth Battalion of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve will make an invasion on August 4th of this year and although the boys will have fire in their eyes their only enemy will be themselves, for on that day the annual training of the Fifth Battalion will get under way and the officers and men of the Battalion will get a taste of what they have been training for during the past eleven months.

Present indications are that the full allotted strength of 22 officers and 432 enlisted men will debark from the SS. *Northland* of the Norfolk and Washington, D. C., Steamboat Company when she ties up at the Quantico dock at about 1:20 p. m. August 4th. There is a possibility that the enlisted strength might be upped to 480 but that is unofficial.

An advance detail of 3 officers and 25 enlisted, headed by Capt. Paul Sullivan, AAQM, will entrain July 29th and start camp preparations. Thechow detail will entrain August 3rd so that Napoleon's argument that an army moves on its stomach will not have been made in vain. Incidentally the cooks and messmen will be under the guidance of Francis E. (Batt) Woodman, one of the Navy's leading fighters in his heyday. Batt will trade blows with eggs and bacon for a change.

The approved training schedule for camp calls for plenty of work for the entire Battalion. Open warfare, bush warfare, landing parties, parades, ceremonies are some of the things to be encountered. The personnel of the regular establishment in Quantico will furnish instructors and practically every phase of a Marine's duties will be touched upon during the two weeks' training.

The senior NCO's who will do their stuff over the annual training period are—Sgt. Maj. Harry F. Volkman, Jr., QM-Sgt. James G. Neff, Drum Major William E. Freeman; 1st Sgts. Kenneth J. Zoeller, Myron E. Thompson, Sr., George W. Damewood, John B. DeSpears, Samuel Weinfeld, Charles P. Daum, Louis Berry and Neil G. Payne. Gunner Sergeants include Morris J. Lichtenburg, "A" "E" Dubber, Thomas Offutt, Mark J. Dondero, William E. Eger, Hubert R. Harris and Rollie V. Essex. Harry W. Warner is Supply Sergeant and Horace Butterworth, Jr., the Staff Sergeant. Maybe you know some of them.

Company "G" with headquarters at Roanoke, Virginia, will meet the rest of the Battalion in Camp. Capt. Charles B. Nerren, FMCR, one of the Reserves' outstanding officers, commands this company. He is aided by 2nd Lt. William R. Via.

Four of Company G's privates added a single stripe during the month of July. They were Raymond C. Assaid, William C. Ayers, James W. Chaffin and Armond L. Gwaltney.

Recent promotions among the officers included Ralph M. King to Captain and Justice M. Chambers, Rex R. Hill and Otho L. Rogers to First Lieutenants.

Promotions in Washington among the enlisted personnel included Walter W. White of "A" Company to Sergeant; Vincent Di Francisco of "D" Company to Private First Class; Lester C. Frank of

"C" Company to Sergeant, Salvador H. Petrone and Donald J. Nevin also of "C" Company to Corporal; Russell J. Rosenbaum of "B" to Corporal; Daniel T. Nelson of the Band to Corporal, Louis L. Edelen of "E" and Eddie J. Jones of "A" to Privates First Class; Charles F. Bradley of "D" to Sergeant; William A. Gaines of "D" to Corporal. Arthur B. Chason, Murray Kanner and Justin C. Tobias were promoted to Privates First Class and sent to the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, for six weeks' training.

## GOLDEN GATE RESERVES

By E. L. Bredehoff

The 12th Battalion Fleet Marine Corps Reserve has just returned from its annual encampment at Mare Island, California. This Battalion consists of Companies "A", San Francisco, "Hdq.", San Francisco, "B", San Rafael, "C", Mt. View, "D", San Francisco, and the Battalion Band also of San Francisco.

The enlisted personnel consisted of 180 men and 10 officers. On the 19th of June a track and field meet was held. The contestants were picked from the Reserve and the Regular Marines of this post.

Maj. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge of the Department of the Pacific inspected the Battalion on June 21, and spoke very highly of this Battalion and the work it has done. The Major General viewed a sham battle staged by the Marine Reserve and was impressed by the way this problem was worked out.

Gy-Sgt. Ed. Williams was promoted to the rank of a second lieutenant during camp. The boys wish him the best of luck at his new assignment.

During the last few days time was spent out at the rifle range, and outside of black eyes and banged up faces, there were a large amount of expert riflemen in this battle for qualifications. In closing I wish to say that the camp was excellent. So long 'til the next issue.

## FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By William McK. Fleming

On Sunday morning, June 16, 1935, at 8 A. M., Company B, First Battalion, USMCR, N. Y., commanded by Capt. Mark F. Kessenich shoved off from the shores of Fifty-second Street for the annual tour of active training at Sea Girt, N. J. Shortly after noon the first, third, fourth and sixth Battalions were billeted. The following morning found all hands squaring away and soldiering according to a prescribed schedule with Maj. Melvin Krulwitsch as Camp Commander and each Battalion Commanding Officer adjusting the program to include all the activities for his separate organization during the fifteen days. Maj. George W. Bettex, Commanding the first Battalion, assigned the Company Officer of "B," Lt. Michael J. Davidowitch, as Range Officer and allotted the first four days for scoring, butt details, preliminary and record firing.

We doubt very much if anyone will ever forget those first days on the range, with a wind that was two points less than a gale and a rain and sleet that had some of the younger lads hanging up stockings—not only to thaw—but just in case the Yuletide came in unheralded. Be that as it may, shelter-halves became ponchos, frozen fingers held 'em and squeezed 'em,

(Continued on page 39)





## NEWARK COMPLETES PLANS FOR NATIONAL CONVENTION

With Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment acting as host, delegates and visitors to the Thirteenth National Convention of the Marine Corps League will assemble in Newark, N. J., at the Hotel Riviera, on August 23, for a three-day session which will include the serious business of electing officers to guide the League for the coming year and other administrative details, as well as fun, frolic and some very interesting bouts with Gambrius and the undefeated champion, John Barleycorn.

The vanguard of the convention will gather at the Riviera on Thursday evening, August 22, when the National Commandant, John F. Manning, will appoint the chairman and other members of the Credentials Committee which will handle the delegates as they arrive the following morning. Friday, A. M., will be devoted to the opening ceremonies with reports of officers in the afternoon. In the evening there will be general reunions accompanied by the liquid refreshment necessary thereto, as well as some form of entertainment.

Saturday morning will be devoted to committee reports in the following order: Credentials, Rules of Convention, Resolutions, Time and Place, Uniform and Regalia, Finance, Constitution and By-Laws. The early afternoon will be reserved for unfinished business followed by some celebration and concluding with the dinner-dance and entertainment in the evening (probably lasting until day-break).

Sunday, A. M., will complete the new business with election of officers in the early afternoon, after which the convention will close.

So much for the routine. Charles W. Mayeaux, adjutant of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment and chairman of the Convention Committee submits the following information for delegates and guests:

Registration fee will be \$2.00 which includes the dinner-dance.

Governor Hoffman, of the State of New Jersey and three or four high officials will make short addresses of welcome at the opening of the session.

The best dance orchestra in the city of Newark, well known on the radio, has been engaged for the dinner-dance.

There will be unlimited free parking space for those who register at the Hotel Riviera.

Single rooms will be \$2.50 and double rooms \$4.00 for sleeping purposes, but the committee will furnish separate rooms for committee and other conferences.

Convention windshield stickers will be forwarded to all detachments free of charge.

So there's the layout. What more could you ask? Make your plans now to attend the biggest and best convention the League has ever had.

The detachment standings of the ten

leaders, based on memberships as of June 30, 1935, are:

1—Hudson-Mohawk, 2—Homer A. Harkness, 3—Oakland, Cal., 4—Theodore Roosevelt, 5—Capt. Burwell H. Clarke, 6—Akron, Ohio, 7—Simpson-Hogatt, 8—New York No. 1, 9—San Francisco, 10—Lt. James E. Owens.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,  
Asst. Nat. Chief of Staff.

### EASTERN SEABOARD AND NEW YORK STATE CONVENTIONS

The Eastern Seaboard and New York State conventions were held at the Hotel Ten Eyck, Albany, on June 29 and 30, with Hudson-Mohawk as the host detachment. Vice Commandant Harold L. Walk presided at the State Assembly on Saturday. Vice Commandant Dan Conway was in the chair at the Divisional Session, Sunday morning.

Three resolutions were adopted at the State Session; to retain THE LEATHERNECK as the official Marine Corps League magazine, that the annual election of detachment officers take place in October instead of June, and that the model grave marker as submitted to the previous convention by Hudson-Mohawk Detachment be officially adopted as is. Copies of these resolutions were forwarded to the National Commandant and will be submitted to the National Convention at Newark in August. The new State officers elected were:

Chris J. Cunningham, Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Albany, Commandant; George French, Charles Ruddick Detachment, Elmira, Vice Commandant. The other four officers, William O'Brien, Hudson-Mohawk, Judge Advocate; Frank X. Lambert, New York No. 1, Chaplain, and Harry Holly, Tompkins County Detachment, Ithaca, Sergeant at Arms, and Norman Fahr, Ruddick Detachment, Adjutant, were re-elected. Commandant Cunningham announced as his first official move a drive to materially increase the membership of all State Detachments and will set a quota for each. He appointed the following membership committee which will be augmented as the drive gets under way: Mort Gaskin, Tompkins Detachment; Harry Burgess, New York No. 1; Harry Hoersher, Elmira, and John McNamara, Hudson-Mohawk. The State officers were installed by Maurice A. Illeh, Past National Vice Commandant.

The Eastern Seaboard Convention adopted the same resolutions as above and elected the following officers: Harold L. Walk, New York Detachment No. 1, Divisional Commandant; John McNamara, Hudson-Mohawk, Vice Commandant; Judge Advocate, James Fay, Burwell H. Clarke Detachment, Newark, N. J., and John Cirulli, Elmira, Sergeant at Arms (re-elected).

Commandant Walk appointed Steve Brown, commandant of Hudson-Mohawk, as Divisional Chief of Staff. The Divisional officers were installed by Frank X. Lambert, Assistant National Chief of Staff.

As the delegates and visitors arrived at the Ten Eyck, the usual reunions and merrymaking got under way. Genial George French from Elmira, the biggest Marine in captivity (305 pounds on the hoof), presided over the improvised bar in Room 605 and the stuff that cheers flowed fast and free until the gang were coaxed and threatened into starting for the sun parlor on the top floor where the business sessions were held. There the breezes wafted over the roof-tops of the city cooled the fevered brows and the session proceeded uninterrupted, save for a few hurried trips down to 605 when time was called for committee conferences.

After the State session adjourned Steve Brown, Commandant of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, was host to the State, Divisional and Detachment Officers at the Albany Club, and what a feast. There were eats and drinks galore.

In the evening, Hudson-Mohawk Detachment threw a party on the roof garden of Steve Brown's Albany Garage. There was entertainment, "very peppy," more eats and all the beer you could drink with enough left over to rub in your hair. And after that the "Buffalo Hunt," which had the boys straggling back from Troy at daylight willing to call it a day. Some sessions.

NORMAN FAHR,  
State Adjutant.

### NEW ENGLAND DIVISION AND MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTIONS

The 13th Annual Convention, Marine Corps League, Division of Massachusetts, was held at Lawrence, Mass., Saturday and Sunday, June 8th and 9th. The Frank Allen Bevers Detachment of Lawrence, under direction of Commandant Joseph A. Moynihan, General Chairman Raymond H. Welch and Secretary Leslie E. Peever and their respective committees were sponsors to the occasion.

At 9:00 A. M., Saturday, delegates had arrived from Boston, Worcester and Cape Cod. Also the State Department of New Jersey, with Vice Commandant Jack Dennis in command, ably assisted by Junior Vice Commandant Frank Serpico, Chief-of-Staff Edwin Lloyd and Sergeant at Arms James Pucci.

At 2:00 P. M. a sightseeing trip through greater Lawrence, visiting historical spots of this quaint New England town, showing the fine estates, and finally ended at Pelham Inn, where an afternoon of fun and sports was enjoyed. Promptly at 8:00 P. M. mess call sounded and a mad scramble was made for first for chow. Harry Taylor led the charge.

Our National Commandant, John F. Manning, served as toastmaster for this occasion. After a delightful dinner our toastmaster led the orchestra in playing

The Marine Hymn, with all Marines and ladies doing their part.

The National Commandant spoke briefly. He expressed his thanks to all detachments for sending so many delegates and to show his appreciation he introduced John Kilcourse, of Lawrence, representing the City Government. Commissioner Kilcourse expressed his gratitude for being allowed the privilege of being a "Marine" for just this occasion and exclaimed, "Lawrence is proud to have the Fighting Marines as her guests and I am happy to present to you Marines the key to the City of Lawrence and the hearts of all its people." An elaborate floor show had been arranged, and between acts dancing was enjoyed until the wee hours of the morning.

On Sunday, despite a driving rain, sessions opened at 11:00 A. M., with all delegates present and accounted for. Credential and Resolutions Committees were appointed and recess called for 30 minutes. Credentials Committee reported, Resolutions Committee reported, and sessions were called with State Commandant Robert W. Robinson, of Boston, presiding.

Raymond H. Welch, Past Commandant of the Frank Allen Beevers Detachment, and General Chairman of the Convention Committee was nominated for the office of State Commandant. Comrade Welch declined the office, with thanks. Ray Rawlee, of Cape Cod Detachment, nominated Andrew Donahue, of Frank Allen Beevers Detachment. Theodore Roosevelt Detachment placed in nomination Roy S. Keene, of Boston. Nominations closed. Roy S. Keene was elected by one vote. Andrew Donahue was then elected Vice Commandant. Rudolph Trow, of Worcester, was elected Judge Advocate; Daniel McKenzie, Boston, Chaplain; Raymond H. Welch, Lawrence, Sergeant-at-Arms; Leslie E. Peeper, Lawrence, Chief-of-Staff; and Ray Rawlee, of Cape Cod, Adjutant and Paymaster.

At the Divisional Sessions, held in conjunction with the State Sessions, John Beardon, of the Frank Allen Beevers Detachment, Vice Commandant of the Division, was elected to the office of Divisional Commandant, and Jerry Cohn, of Boston, to the office of Divisional Vice Commandant.

A turkey banquet was held in the Banquet Hall at 3:00 P. M. Capt. Michael A. Barry of the Lawrence police served as toastmaster. He in turn introduced the invited guests:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen Beevers, parents of Pvt. Frank Allen Beevers, for whom this Detachment was named.

Lt. Col. John J. Killeau, representing Governor James J. Curley of Massachusetts. Capt. John Kilpatrick, U.S.M.C.

John F. Manning, National Commandant, Marine Corps League.

Representatives of all military organizations were present and remarked that the Marine Convention was the finest they had attended.

Representative Henry Crompton of the Methuen, Mass., City Government, led in the singing of the "Marine Hymn."

LESLIE E. PEEVER,  
Chief-of-Staff.

## TWO JOHNS SPEAKING

There will be no more issues of LEATHERNECK before the League meets for its 1935 National Assembly at Newark, N. J., on Friday, August 23rd, so we trust that all Marines have made their plans for attending. Elaborate plans for entertainment are being formulated by the Capt. Burwell H.



## NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK

Left to Right: Norman Fahr, Charles Ruddick Det., Elmira, Adjutant and Paymaster; Frank X. Lambert, New York No. 1, Chaplain; George French, Charles Ruddick Det., Elmira, Vice Commandant; Chris J. Cunningham, Hudson-Mohawk Det., State Commandant; Harry Holly, Tompkins County Det., Ithaca, N. Y., Sergeant at Arms.

Clarke Detachment of Newark, and anything this live wire outfit undertakes stands to be a success, so it behooves every Marine, whether a member of the League or not, to attend.

There is no question but what the business sessions will be up to standard and plenty of constructive legislation completed. In the July Bulletin, No. 11, several of the Resolutions were incorporated, so we hope all interested members attended the meetings of their detachments, so that the League had the benefit of their ideas and suggestions. We will incorporate all Resolutions and By-laws changes we received up to July 15th, in our final, for this year, bulletin to be sent all detachments on or about August 1st. All members-at-large are eligible to speak and vote at the national convention, so you members, not attached to any detachment, should endeavor to attend, and give the League the benefit of your opinions. Let's go; everybody up for Newark, N. J., on August 23-24-25. The Hotel Riviera is the headquarters, and accommodations will be available at reasonable rates.

It is desired that any Marines who can arrange to be on hand Thursday evening, August 22nd, send their names and probable time of arrival to the National Commandant with the end that they may serve on committees. It is desired also that all sections of the country that are represented at Newark be represented on committees attending to the business of the convention. There will be committees appointed as follows: Credential; Rules of Convention; Resolutions; Time and Place; Uniforms and Regalias; Finance; and Constitution and By-laws.

The idea of these committees is to have most of the arguments occur before the business comes before the convention on the floor, so all interested in matters liable to come before any of these committees, appear before them, and try and have these argumentative points removed prior to presentation before the convention delegates. All committee meetings will be open to Marines who have constructive suggestions to offer. These committees will be appointed with the best available Marines being chosen by the National Commandant, so please send in your name at once if

you care to serve and can be on hand Thursday evening, August 22nd.

All Marines intending to attend and desiring badges or officers' bars may obtain them immediately by addressing the National Headquarters, P. O. Box 573, Methuen, Mass. Send money-order or checks and make payable to the Marine Corps League, Quantico, Va., but send letters to Methuen address. Price for badges is \$1.00, with officers' rank bars being 50c extra. Those having Expeditionary ribbons on old style League badges may procure new League ribbon for 15c for each badge. Past officers may procure officers' rank bars with correct insignia and color for 50c each. Let us all show up with our own colors and rank bars we rate now. Orders can be filled within ten days after receipt by National Headquarters.

Another reminder to Detachment paymasters from the NA&PM. Books, so far as crediting paid-up membership for voting strength at Newark, N. J., will close (per mandate of 1934 National Assembly), on August 15th, so get in your dues before that date. Speaking of dues, we note several changes in standing of ten leading Detachments, and judging from activity of one Detachment there are great prospects of the two leaders being overtaken when the next list is published. Several Detachments are close enough so they can enter the leading ten, so we are watching to see standing for August 1st. Get in your resolutions and by-law changes at once so we can send to all Detachments. Also have your adjutants return Credential Cards at earliest opportunity. These cards will go out with July, No. 11, Bulletin. Until August 1st we say Adios.

The Two Johns—

MANNING and HINCKLEY.

## NIAGARA FRONTIER DETACHMENT Buffalo, N. Y.

Just marking time, waiting for the Detachment Commandant to give the order to shove off for Albany to attend the New York State and Atlantic Seaboard conventions, to be held there June 29-30. We are also making preparations to attend the National Convention in Newark. We are making this appeal to all De-



## Exercise your TOP-KNOT too, Buddy!

### Keep your hair and scalp healthy with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout

**S**LAM over those lefts and rights. Bring that haymaker off the deck. It's swell exercise for your muscles. But don't stop your workouts there! Remember your hair and scalp need exercise, too—with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout.

Nautical life is hard on hair, mister. Salty spray, sea winds and tropic suns all take heavy toll—your scalp becomes tight, dry, flaky; your hair becomes matted and dried out, making it brittle and lifeless.

But a Vitalis 60-Second Workout will protect you. Massaged briskly into the scalp, the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supply necessary nourishment to the hair roots. Loose dandruff disappears, and with it the threat of falling hair. Your scalp wakes up, becomes flexible again. Your hair resumes its former natural lustre, will comb easily into place—but without any trace of "patent-leather" slickness.

Sign up with Vitalis now and start giving your hair the protection it needs, Buddy. Blow yourself to a bottle of Vitalis the next time you come alongside a drug or service store.

# Vitalis

**KEEPS HAIR**

**HEALTHY AND HANDSOME**

tachments to remember the National, Divisional and State officers who have faithfully fulfilled their duties during the past year and see that they are re-elected. Also to see that those who rode in on the shoulders of the workers are sent to Crab Island.

We will sign off, anticipating a merry time as guests of the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, which always does things in a big way.

EDWARD FOODY,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

This outfit certainly has the old pep. We're not apt to make the headlines yet awhile, but we're plodding along at a steady pace. We have lots of constructive irons in the fire and things will soon be shaping up. We've got another new member coming in this week, Frank Gilman of Pearl Street, Brockton. Frank, I hear is one of those foxy Marines.

Our delegate to the State Convention at Lawrence returned with news of a very successful affair; outside of the weather, which was wet. The banquet was a corker. Talk about eats and eats aplenty. Everything was good, even the speakers.

Our hats are off to the Frank Allan Beevers Detachment of Lawrence. They certainly put on a swell convention. One of the highlights was the surprise visit of a certain young lady from Minnesota. For further information I refer you to our Adjutant, Christopher Finlay. Chris is bashful, but boy, can he pick them. Ask Ray Rowlee.

Our last meeting was held at the home of Senior Vice Commandant Jim Thomas, of Brockton. We had an enjoyable meeting. Whist awards went to Mrs. D. Charles Lunetta and Frank Gilman. Our next meeting will be held at the home of Frank Gilman at Pearl Street, Brockton. I would not be a bit surprised if Frank had an old-fashioned barbecue out on the fox ranch. Only heavy steer need apply.

I must get this in before the vacation special leaves so I'll "dead end" for the present. Yours, Semper Fidelis.

D. CHARLES LUNETTA,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Schenectady-Troy, N. Y.

Our June meeting was held at the Albany Garage. As election of officers was the main order of business there was a large turnout, more than fifty members being on hand. So here's the lineup to guide us for the ensuing year:

Commandant, Stephen Brown; Vice Commandants, J. Russell Cochrane, Charles Farrington and Lewis Ballard; Chaplain, Marco Burton; Chief of Staff, Leon E. Walker; Adjutant-Paymaster, Chris J. Cunningham; Sergeant at Arms, John Mossall; Judge Advocate, William D. O'Brien.

With such a fine body of leaders we cannot help but continue as we always have been, the "tops" of the League. Death again has entered our midst and taken Charles Coleman, one of our newer members. While in the Detachment just short of one year, he proved himself a real Marine both in action and spirit. Our sincerest sympathies were extended to his widow and other members of his family. Charles Coleman was born April

19, 1892, at Pittsfield, Mass., and died May 25, 1935, at his home in Troy, N. Y. He enlisted in the Marine Corps June 30, 1917, at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. He served aboard the U.S.S. *St. Louis* and was discharged at Norfolk, Va., March 22, 1919. He leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter.

LEON (MUSIC) WALKER,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### STATE DEPARTMENT

New Jersey

The State Department of New Jersey had a busy month contacting different Detachments within its area. On June 6, the officers journeyed to Dover to organize the Morris County Detachment. The first meeting was very successful as twenty-seven Marines in and around Dover turned out for the occasion. Requirements of the League and several other clauses were discussed and the situation was very capably handled by our State Commandant, Oliver Kelly.

First Sergeant Banta, who is stationed at the Ammunition Depot at Lake Denmark, offered some well timed suggestions regarding organization and quarters for meetings. On June 14, the staff returned to Dover when temporary officers were elected and installed. Scotty Carruthers is the commandant and has an able staff of workers. The next meeting is to be held in Kenvil with the Dover Detachment officers officiating, on June 28.

On Monday, June 3, the State Department staff journeyed to Bergen County for the purpose of reorganizing the Detachment there. Their mission was successful and the latest reports are encouraging from that sector. The staff also attended the Twelfth Birthday Dance of New York Detachment No. 1 and spent an enjoyable evening. They will also attend the Divisional Convention at Albany. Senior Vice Commandant Jack Dennis, with a party of four, surprised our National Commandant with a visit to the Massachusetts State Convention at Lawrence, after motoring through five states.

EDWIN LLOYD,  
*State Chief of Staff.*

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

With the summer months at hand, we find the ever growing ranks of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment looking forward to the National Convention, to be held in "dear old Joisey." Yes, you New-ark fellows, be prepared to meet the representatives of the League's largest Detachment.

The past month has found our group in a never ceasing membership drive. It is at present the most popular veterans' organization in our city, being always in demand for parades and ceremonies. During the recent flag day exercises, we were honored in having our commandant, Lt. Chas. W. Creaser, chosen as chief marshal of the large parade held here. Some thirty-odd of our outfit in uniforms were also in the line of parade, some acting as color details and others acting as honor escorts to the mayor and other dignitaries.

The following Sunday found many of our members, including the National Commandant, National Adjutant and the newly elected State Commandant, Roy S.

### THE LEATHERNECK



Keene, enjoying the hospitality of Commandant and Mrs. Creaser at their home. Here the day was spent playing baseball on the sands of a nearby beach, swimming and playing quoits. Last, but far from least, was the partaking of delicious refreshments served by Mrs. Creaser.

To finish up the month, a band concert was given by Ives' Military Band, under our auspices. The final number of the program, that is just prior to the National Anthem, was the Marine Hymn and the four thousand people in attendance gave us a big hand, as in a body we entered the bandstand and sang it. Needless to say, these occasions afforded us much publicity of a favorable kind.

## LEAGUE NEWS BRIEFS

Off to the State Convention at Albany and as the farmer said, "Gosh, how we dread it."

Edwin Lloyd: Shame on you, Ed. There are no (ex) Marines in the Morris County or any other Detachment.

James W. Rikeman: How about a word from you, Jim. Or maybe we will see you at the National Convention in Newark.

New Jersey appears to be a natural as a convention spot. The hustling Skeeter State already has seven active Detachments with two more under way.

There seems to be a general movement for reduction in National dues. The idea is a good one, but we must then find some other source of revenue to finance the cost of the administration.

And as to the change in uniform, we think the present Marine blue is the most military of any we have yet seen.

Off on vacation in the Sunny South. See you at the National Convention.  
—F. X. L.

## RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 35)

damp spirits were warmed with apple and by the time old Sol beamed again the following results were obtained by Company B, first Battalion, USMCR, N. Y. Qualified: 12 Experts; 7 Sharpshooters; 19 Marksmen. The qualification percentage stood invincibly at the end of the encampment as the highest against the participating fifteen other companies—82.6 per cent. The nearest to approach this splendid unbeatable work was 74 per cent. We are blowing smoke, but the figures are our support! Read 'em and sleep!

During the two weeks, Brig. Gen. R. P. Williams, USMC, paid a visit and observed; Governor Hoffman reviewed the four Battalions in service summer and dress blues, Pershing Square Formations; our own Rear Adm. Frank R. Lackey, C. O., N. Y. N. M., accompanied by Lt. Commr. Arthur W. Sesselberg, donor of the Sesselberg Shooting Trophy, reviewed his First Battalion of Marines on the second Wednesday and the affable padre, Lt. E. F. Wallace, Chaplain, made a three-point landing the same day.

The combat problems, bayonet work, close and extended orders, physical drills, pitching shelter-halves, hikes, inspections, ceremonies, hand grenade throwing com-

pleted the interesting schedule by the afternoon of the second Saturday.

The second Sunday saw visitors from home stations escorted throughout the area with their sons, sweethearts and brothers. Company "B," in appreciation for the honor, offered the guests a splendid Churchday dinner in the galley.

Once again Company "B" mustered its recruits and inducted them into the Regular Reserves. Dressed in scivvies, leggings, campaign hats and cartridge belts, they were ceremoniously belted, pelted and branded while kissing the beloved mascot, First Sergeant Squirt, honoring the late Squirt, Sr., and praising vociferously Allah. The rendering of the Marine Hymn by the victims was accompanied by the older men chanting a mocking "Boots, boots, boots!" chorus in their quaking skulls. After being duly christened Marines, all hands assembled in the mess hall for some well-deserved refreshments and entertainment.

Company "B" excelled not only on the range and field, but in many other unofficial capacities in which no other outfit could qualify. Unchallenged and quite incomparable, the 52nd Street Leathernecks boast they are:

*The loudest and barkiest growlers at chow,*

*The kickin' cat guys about all,*

*The snappiest dressers including And Howe,*

*The quickest for Liberty call,*

*The "Dump 'em tonight" lads with ques-*

*tions galore,*

*The beefiest mouths in the camp,*

*The toughest on guard, the highest to score*

*On the range, with throats ever damp,*

*The first to appear for a beer or a squawk,*

*The ones who can get all the dames,*

*The blokes who will sock if they see rubber*

*chalk,*

*The gringoes who have funny names,*

*The wisest of all and witty to boot,*

*The best of the Kangaroo Kourts,*

*The fastest to think and the highest to*

*shoot*

*The perpetual lads out-a'-sorts,*

*The best to roll dice and first to raise hell*

*Are the squawkers of Company "B."*

*But, with it all, they soldier quite well*

*And grab anything that is free,*

*They like to blow smoke, their talent's a*

*gem,*

*They're Semper Fidelis, Issa jeens,*

*They're up on the carpet—commended—*

*that's them,*

*You'll find they're REG-LAR Marines!!*

The night preceding breaking of camp liberty was restricted but the compensation was well worth the loss. Governor Hoffman presided with Major Krulwiteh at a reception and entertainment that included the famous Bill Robinson, bouts, details on why Annie moved—her residence—refreshments, the Wailing of the Punters, kibitzers and a general conglomeration of high spirits.

## WEST COAST NEWS

(Continued from page 31)

We have all heard of accidents and coincidents, but we have been unable to determine what you might call this: Our two famous twins, Roy and Ray Sebring recruited two more twins into the Marine Corps, Misses Lois and Louise Coates from Seattle, Wash. Congratulations from this battalion, Privates Sebring. Too, we are very anxious to see who will be promoted first, the boys or the girls.

# COUNT-OFF

## the jobs this oil does for you...



One—two—three... cleans—lubricates—prevents rust! It's this triple action that makes 3-in-One a better oil for use on rifles, and for other jobs as well. Prevents rust even in salt air. Get a handy can or bottle of 3-in-One Oil and try it. On sale everywhere.

# 3-IN-ONE OIL



GRAND ST. at GRAHAM AVE. BROOKLYN  
Since 1873 CONSECUTIVE DIVIDENDS  
BANK BY MAIL Write for booklet

Pvt. Louis Blitz has not been heard singing so gayly since the Fleet returned. No one is quite sure, but it is believed she is happily married—Louie as well as others has his troubles. We have to conclude this, but we want you all to bear in mind that this is a soldiering outfit, good officers, good men and perfect cooperation.

## RATTLES FROM THE SNAKE RANCH

By Tui

Cpl. "Mac" McManus, a very prominent member of the squad, was transferred to the land of Wicky-Wacky via the Chaumont on June 18th. Not only was "Mac" one of the moonlight saving time lads, but he was one of the more notable notables of Georgia Street (This is vouchsafed by Isadore).

Edward Frank is just rounding out his twenty-ninth year in the service. However, Gleason is quizzing as to how a private first class rates wearing six hash marks.

It appears as if Wellington J., property corporal, and "Pappy" Carroll can't get together on the paint brush situation. Wellington J. (no relation to J. Wellington Wimpy) gave "Pappy" specific instructions as to how to preserve paint



**FOR PROMPT PLEASANT  
RELIEF .... THERE'S  
NOTHING QUITE LIKE**

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for

- HEADACHE • DISTRESS after MEALS
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and other common aches and pains  
caused by EXCESS ACID!

**A TABLET OR TWO IN  
A GLASS OF WATER  
MAKES A SPARKLING  
ANTI-ACID DRINK**

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brushes, however, it was to no avail, as "Pappy" washed the wet brushes in hot water. My goodness gracious!

"Bob" White, our top kick, is still dashing around the barracks with a look of pleased anticipation in his eye. He contemplates a celebration in the near future. Here's hoping he gets the right dope, for after all we have to work with the guy.

In addition to being a competent chef, "Pappy" is also an interior decorator. Investing large sums in decorations is one way to stay sober. But Duke didn't do the pretty pink frills on the curtains and bed spread any good by wiping his hands on them.

Our old friend, Johnsky Griffin, has apparently developed into a full fledged week-end. The parties on the Russian River are getting him down. Love sure does remind a man that a day on and a day off is strenuous duty. Johnsky recently completed yearly small arms target practice, coming through with 323 on the musket. Just wait until we announce Vrana's score.

Red Good, the detachment clerk, was in the hospital for a short period with an infected cheek, which resulted from the extraction of a wisdom tooth. Red states that the hospitalization was bad, but the liquid diet was still worse. Gilmore, Whelp, Breezy, Bull, Oscar, Cremona, Si, break out the chow. What about a zimmy, Pierre?

Corporal Scott has developed a mania for Bernica, California. I don't know what it is but it must be a fair prune picker. Scotty is to be remembered as a prominent member of the Fleet Air Base Marines at Pearl Harbor.

#### MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

During the month of May the Post Exchange purchased a quantity of paint for use on the Swimming Pool. Volunteers from the Naval Prison Detachment applied it and as a result we now have a fine looking pool. A new diving board has been installed, a "Spaulding's Interscholastic." The pool upkeep is taken care of by the

Post Exchange and we are fortunate in that they are able to do so.

Sgt-Major E. O. Swift is, at the present writing, on a furlough of ninety days. He is driving a new Chevrolet sedan, visiting friends and relatives on route to his home in New York State. With the able assistance of Sgt-Major Bonnie Atkinson we are managing to keep the ball rolling. However, we miss his cheery greetings and the "Gang" all hope that he is enjoying a well-earned rest.

On the 16th of this month the Reserves, 12th Battalion, F.M.C.R., with Headquarters at San Francisco, California, descended on us one hundred and forty strong. Under the command of Maj. Charles C. Brad-

#### Instructors

for the Marine Corps Institute:

From time to time vacancies occur in the instruction and clerical staff of the Marine Corps Institute, and such vacancies are filled by transferring duly qualified Marines to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., for this duty.

In general, a prospective instructor or clerk must have at least two years to serve on his current enlistment; have an excellent military record; and possess a high school education or its equivalent. Special consideration is given to those men who are enrolled for a course with the Marine Corps Institute and have made satisfactory progress with their studies. This duty should have particular appeal to men with college or university training.

Any men who believe that they can meet these requirements and are desirous of being assigned to duty with the Marine Corps Institute, may submit applications direct to:

The Director,  
Marine Corps Institute,  
Marine Barracks,  
Washington, D. C.

ley, M.C.R., they are undergoing intensive training for a two-week period. The men are well drilled and their morning parades are well worth watching.

We manage to keep up with M. C. O. No. 41 by having our drill period at seven A. M., followed by a school period. The regular Mare Island schedule of day on and day off is in force at this time and special duty men are getting in a couple of guards a week. Our good friend, "Sid" Guy looks quite snappy doing a twelve to four on the Causeway. The next transport arrives here about the 16th of July and that should ease things up a bit.

Urbaniak, the demon clerk of the Casual Company, is practicing radio tuning on a small set pending the arrival of a twelve or sixteen-tube Mid-West. We think that a set of that size should at least bring him his breakfast in bed.

First Sgt. "Joe" Vitek returned from a ninety-day leave looking as though the time he spent in San Diego (bars) had not hurt him.

Sergeant Perry, that so and so with the Russian Boots, is still doing his stuff as Simon Legree (Barracks Police Sergeant).

So, until next month.

#### RECRUITING NEWS

(Continued from page 29)

delphia. Maj. Clarence E. Nutting, U. S. Marine Corps will relieve him at Savannah.

In the past few years the Recruiting Service has passed through a period of evolution and instituted an entirely new method of recruiting which differs in every respect from that employed in the past. The day of the recruiting sergeant standing beside "A" signs, on street corners, or at the door to recruiting offices soliciting men from the streets is over. Modern business-like methods have taken his place. Recruiting today is done through wholesome publicity by use of the press and radio, and through contacts with high school principals, postmasters, etc., also contacts made through newly enlisted Marines. For example: The town of Richton, Mississippi, furnished twenty-three young men, all high school graduates, during the past year. One applicant brought in another. The entire population of the town of Richton is about 1,900 persons. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The prestige of the Marine Corps Recruiting Service is well established—we will carry on, ever striving for better success.

It is well worth noting that the new method of recruiting has not only rendered an abundant number of highly desirable and selected applicants, but it has also resulted in a saving to the government amounting to about one quarter of a million dollars annually. How was this possible? By hard work and cheerful cooperation on the part of every member of the recruiting service, plus cutting down overhead, shortening our lines, cutting out all substations, reducing personnel, and by believing in and following out the method mentioned above. What does this mean? Primarily, it means that the cost to the government for procuring and transferring to the recruit depot formerly amounting to about seventy-five dollars for each recruit has been reduced to the present figure of about twenty-five dollars. In the course of a year when normally about four thousand men are enlisted, this saving to the government becomes an important factor.

Maj. George A. Stowell, U. S. Marine Corps, the Officer in Charge of the Central

Recruiting Division, which maintains only one station located in Chicago and has been producing outstanding results, reports that his division is desirous of having its normal quota doubled, as the already large waiting list of desirable applicants who have been found qualified in all respects is still growing.

Col. William B. Sullivan, U. S. Marine Corps, recently relieved Col. Walter N. Hill, U. S. Marine Corps, as Officer in Charge of the Western Recruiting Division.

The Major General Commandant has fixed the tour of recruiting duty for enlisted personnel at four years. As a consequence the following have recently joined the recruiting service: 1st Sgt. Edward L. Livermore, U. S. M. C., to duty at the District Headquarters Station, Baltimore, Md.; Sgt. Gerald A. Newhouse, U.S.M.C., to duty at Headquarters, Eastern Recruiting Division, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Sgt. John E. O'Neill, U.S.M.C., to duty at the District Headquarters Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

More news from the Recruiting Service will be brought to you in this column of THE LEATHERNECK each month.

### SEA-GOING LOG Tuscaloosa Warriors

(Continued from page 27)

lads swung a swanky step in the Seattle Parade with several other ships' Detachments.

Farewell to the famous Fleet Problem "16" . . . It ebbed in Alaska and reached its peak in Honolulu and the Diego Expo . . . That Long Beach offensive that Sharit staged wasn't in the Navy Code, so he won't receive a Campaign Bar . . . Smolen, our housekeeper, expects to return to un-Alaska in '74 to raise chickens. He's our martyr of the month . . . Horatious K. Brant read and dreamed of the grass hula skirts so it went hard with him when he discovered they were made of green leaves . . . "It's a bigger thrill to expect than to realize," said Warfield after he found the Eskies don't rub snozzles in un-Alaska . . . Wotta Beauty that guy has . . . believe it or not, but two of these world wonders waited sixteen hours in an L. A. Hotel Lobby for a train. That South American Mail is due for a big drop now that J. A. Davis is ransling chow.

### SARATOGA SCANDAL

When the old hook splashed down into the mud at Coronado Roads upon our return from Fleet Problem XVI it jarred a lot of our old "barnacles" loose. We hear that "Pappy" Drew now has a swell job slinging hash for the hungry Marines at San Diego, Schreiber is doing duty at the Naval Hospital, and Hearn and his brothers (Gordon, Minkler, Smith and the two Wilsons) are in the good old FMF. There is still one "barnacle" which refuses to be cast loose—at least, not until after Short Range (after all, forty-two months aboard one ship is not so long).

The hush that has settled over the Marine Compartments these last few days is not caused by expectant waiting—it is merely due to the fact that our "Top" has left us. But for all the gruffness he used to scare us out of the office, "Woof-woof" was a swell First Sergeant. Gunnery Sergeant Young was also transferred to San Diego recently, and First Sergeant Ward and Gunnery Sergeant Connolly are our new senior non-coms.

Speaking of Short Range, McCarty has his pointing up to snuff—he has at last

succeeded in holding on the target often enough to get his four shots out in twenty-eight seconds, when using the sub-caliber—wonder what will happen when they put a shell in it.

We understand that Coltrain could tell us a lot about why the Marines lost that last baseball game to the *New Mex*—but he seems to be reluctant to talk on the subject.

"Horsey" Conrad has taken to the air—keeps going about saying, "When I get my ten hours in the air, and start soloing." "So much stick, so much rudder—learn to use them both."

I just know we are going away somewhere—I'm not sure where it will be. When you see all those married men come to the office with that long, homesick look on their faces and pitifully request a special forty-eight you may be well assured that the ship is leaving port. There seems to be a certain part of our "Beach Guard" that cannot bear to tear itself away from home for even one night at a time. Yes, I knew we were going somewhere—we're going to Santa Monica, thirty miles away, for two whole days—that's why McCluskey, Short and Iler want special liberty.

Things we noticed and didn't mention—the Privates First Class and Corporals "bucking" for that pair of Sergeant chevrons that are flying 'round loose . . . the "seagars" and gedunks that were not forthcoming when three of our exalted privates pinned a chevron on their sleeve . . . And Bordelon said, "Sure I'm going ashore in Santa Monica and give the movie actresses a break."

### TULSA TABLOID

By Snazz 'n' Bugs


And now, folks, you hear the "Voice of the Orient" coming to you through the courtesy of THE LEATHERNECK.

On the next transport we are sending to you stateside Leathernecks about one-third of our detachment, who have discharged their duties as they saw fit, for the past thirty months, from the rock bound shores of Hong Kong to the barren plains of Tientsin. They are regular fellows and we charge you stateside boys with the care of these "Asiaties" until such a time as they may again be introduced into the ways and customs of our "Little White Brothers."—Provided that the "Lure of the Orient" doesn't again call them back to the land of "Lotus Blossoms" and mystery before such a period in their learnings have been attained.

But mystery!—Who can say that the Orient is mysterious? Certainly not the old China hands. By that we mean the Marines that have beat up and down the China coast on a gunboat for as much as a year of their tour of duty. They land and automatically the situation is well in hand. The mystery vanishes and in its place we find a courtesy and respect which is antique in its aged quaintness.


But we haven't gone completely "Asiatie" for—Spring is here—young man's fancy lightly turns to—Oh well, we'll skip that part of it, but it seems as though there has been a new wave of enrollments in the M. C. I. and the boys are studying their respective courses; but studying isn't their greatest ambition. Ah, no my friends, we have reached a sad state—there is an epidemic going 'round. The Tulsa Marines have turned to bridge—and what bridge, Culbertson would obviously give up in despair if he could only see—

"Lest we forget"—the baseball team is shaping up nicely under the efficient guid-



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ance of Lt. E. J. Milner and Lt. (jg) J. L. Thibault, USN, and there is little doubt that the *Tulsa* has an eye on the championship. And of course swimming—we have lots of opportunities and we generally take advantage of them, but let's not talk of it because it brings us back to bridge which we are trying to forget. Four Marines went swimming the other day and, believe it or not, eye witnesses tell us that they sat on the beach and played bridge—and more proof, they came back aboard with dry bathing suits—Woe is we! And that "We" isn't any non-stop fight stuff either, when we say we, we mean we—So, far, far into the night. Q.E.D.

P. S. We hate to leave in such a manner but this is the only place on deck that there isn't a bridge game, and our police sergeant has just decided to start one here—Splash—oh, oh—there went Bugs over the side. Good-bye, I'm gonna follow 'm.

Let our epitaph be—"May there be no bridge games going, where the River Shannon's flowing."  
Snazz—"Splash."

### MUTE WITNESS

(Continued from page 11)

It was just then that McIver came out of his office.

"Hi!" called Ned, and gestured. The other came toward them. "Morning!"

Chetham, without smiling, asked: "Didn't you tell me you wanted my place for a fellow who was going to set out an orchard?"

McIver flushed up a bit. "No, I didn't say that," he replied slowly. "You suggested it yourself; I didn't set you right, that's all."

"You let me go on thinking so, anyhow, knowing I was wrong," Ned remarked. "Is that square, Mac? Isn't it sort of dirty pool?"

Lynn was uncomfortable. "You're making a good profit."

"Yours'll be better. You got my price down three hundred."

"Well, that's fair. And a man's business secrets are his own property. As it is,

they've leaked out fast enough." He looked at Buckwith, then, and his former partner seemed uneasy. "I'd give my hat, Buck, to know where you got your dope. I was twelve hours behind you at the Dutchman's."

"You're going to do pretty well, Mac. If I'd been quick enough at Chetham's, here, I'd have pulled out of the hole. As it is . . ."

McIver laughed, a bit embarrassed, perhaps conscious of Ned's look.

"Well, I wanted you to hang on with me," he said; then, turning to Ned: "No, I didn't play dirty pool; I drove a fair bargain."

"Well, I'm shy of easy money that goes to you. But a deal's a deal, McIver, and I've had my say."

He clucked to his horse and drove off.

By noon the story of the new development was buzzing. The thing was sewed up, tied down, clinched; at least one big resort project was assured the country. And Lynn McIver, it was said, was going to clean up and show a big stake, while Buckwith was going to make something as well. Both needed it, all right; both had scrimped along for two years.

Poor Lynn! He never did cash in!

Chetham came to town the day before bird season opened. He was unusually glum about something and we guessed it was because he had made a poor bargain. The rumor had got around that he had had hard words with McIver over the deal . . .

Four evenings later Buckwith rang McIver's doorbell. Mrs. McIver answered.

"I just stopped to see Lynn a minute," he explained. "I'm off on the wrong foot about a forty in the valley. Thought it was mine but, come to find out, Lynn has an interest in it."

"Well, Lynn isn't here. I've been waiting dinner an hour now. He went out to the old Radebush place."

"Oh. Saw his car there late this afternoon. I had to go out to the Dutchman's and thought I might hunt a little, but had a flat tire and didn't get anything done. Lynn's car was up beyond me a piece."

"Yes, he went out to locate a corner. The surveyor is busy, and Lynn wanted to crowd the work along and thought he could

save time by looking up a witness tree he remembered."

"Well, he had ear trouble, likely."

Two hours later Buckwith was called to the telephone.

"Jessie's worried about Lynn," Mrs. McIver's brother told him. "Just where was it you saw this car?"

Buckwith described the place and volunteered to go out if he could be of use, but the other did not think it necessary.

At midnight, however, Buckwith was called again; by the sheriff, this time. McIver was missing; his car was still out there; would he help?

Six men whooped and called. They got Chetham up. Yes, he had seen and talked with McIver back in the wood-lot that afternoon. No, he didn't see him go away, but he'd been busy in his carrot patch until dark. Several cars had passed on the road . . .

At dawn they found McIver, his life torn out by a charge from a close-held shotgun, lying face down in the gold and scarlet leaves. McIver's brother-in-law went to pieces, Buckwith was sick, and even Bill Bullard, the sheriff, cried.

By breakfast-time the news had spread. Joe Diamond, the prosecutor, was preparing to go out with the coroner when Buckwith walked into his office. The man was white, and freckles stood out on his colorless skin.

"Joe," he said, "let me sit down. I'm all in."

"You've a license to be. This is a terrible thing."

"A terrible thing I've come to tell, too, but I've got it to do, legally and morally."

He went to the water cooler and drank.

"Joe," he said, "I'm afraid young Chetham murdered Lynn."

IT WAS late that night when Diamond gave up trying to "break" Ned Chetham.

"No use in doing that, Mr. Diamond," the prisoner said. "I know it's your job to act that way, but you can't browbeat me! I've told all I know a dozen times. I talked to McIver back in the brush. Then I went down to the carrot patch and to work. I heard a shot fired about sundown, but thought nothing of it because there'd been shooting all day. The first I knew about this was when Bullard, here, came to my house. You can't make me say another word now!"

He made good his promise, but the case seemed to be sewed up, anyhow. A motive had been established. Chetham had admitted being with McIver in the timber. One link was missing: this was the gun. Search Ned's place as he would, Bullard could find only one shotgun, and the barrels of that were thick with old grease; it had not been fired in over a year. But this, in itself, indicated that the boy had owned another. No bird hunter, especially with a dog like Jill, was going to have but one gun, and that packed with hardening grease in shooting season!

Chetham hired Arnold Metcalf, the youngest lawyer in town. They waived examination before the justice, and the case went over to the November term of circuit court.

Some of the intense excitement ebbed after that, but the interest did not flag. The dog, Jill, came in for a lot of talk. She had been left with a vet by Bullard, but she got out somehow in the morning of the arraignment, found her master's trail on the street, and followed it to the jail.

She stood outside and whined until he showed himself behind the bars. Then she tried to jump up to the window, a dozen

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feet off the ground, wagging her tail, yelping in delight, and frantically hurling herself high up against the brick wall; falling back, jumping up again, until she was exhausted.

The sheriff tried to catch her and could not. She would lead him away and then duck back to the jail and sit there panting, threshing her tail and barking. Old Bill has a heart as big and as warm as a cook-stove, anyhow, and he finally gave in, broke all precedent, and let Chetham have the dog with him. They gave her several runs a day, but the rest of the time she lay curled beside her master as he sat in the bull pen or lay on a cot in his cell.

The trial came up on a Thursday in late November, just about six weeks after the killing.

Little trouble was encountered finding a jury, and they were ready to proceed in the afternoon.

Just as Joe Diamond was outlining his case there was a commotion in the corridor, which was packed with those who had not come early enough for seats. The judge rapped, and Bullard started down a jammed aisle. Then, working her way through the multitude of legs, came Jill. She jumped the railing and was all over Chetham in an instant, wriggling, nuzzling his hands, and letting out little whimpers of delight.

"Sheriff, take that dog out!" the judge said, looking over his glasses at the setter, and anybody with half an eye could see the glint of admiration in his. He was a bird hunter himself.

They had a hard time catching Jill, and as soon as the case was resumed they heard her howling from the jail. The judge called the two lawyers to the bench.

"Better have her in," he told Diamond.

"We can't stand that howling; neither can your case."

Joe agreed to that, so Jill came back and lay under her owner's chair, chin on her paws, as a well-trained dog should.

The first witnesses testified to well known facts, and then Lynn's widow walked to the witness chair. The woman, in her black clothes and with her white, stricken face, injected the first element of drama into the trial.

From her, the prosecutor drew the story of McIver's attitude toward Chetham and of his version of their difference of opinion as to the fairness of their deal. Slowly, obviously retaining self-control by great effort, the widow told her story.

"Lynn said that Mr. Chetham seemed put out," she said in her light voice. "Those were his words, 'put out'."

"Yes, go on, now; just as you've told me," Joe prompted.

"He was a little cut up himself, Lynn was," she said, with her eyes downcast. "It seems that when they first talked he asked Mr. Chetham if the soil down the slope was the same as where the orchard stood. He had in mind any drainage problems for the golf course, but Mr. Chetham seemed to think that Lynn was representing people who wanted to grow cherries there." She hesitated. "Lynn let him keep thinking so."

"You see"—and a little eagerness came into her voice as she looked up—"that was just shrewd business practice, but Lynn felt cut up over it. He always wanted to be fair, and he felt that perhaps he had failed, in a way. The last noon he was . . . he was . . . was home for lunch he said he'd made up his mind that he was going to give Mr. Chetham more than the agreed

price, just to keep his conscience clean."

She stopped. A juryman's chair creaked; another brushed his mustache. You could see that her statement had had a telling effect. Lynn had been a white man, all right, and had been shot down before he had had a chance to prove just how white he was!

"Take the witness," Diamond said abruptly and sat down.

"Mrs. McIver," Metcalf began gently, "did your husband say anything to you about the necessity of working fast in getting hold of these parcels?"

The woman stirred. "Why, yes. He wanted to tie it all up before the story got out, but he failed."

"Who else did he think learned of it?"

"Well, Mr. Buckwith was one, but he—"

"They'd been partners? And they'd dissolved partnership?"

"Yes; two years ago."

Diamond rose, then, as if to meet some unexpected turn.

"And your husband," went on Metcalf, "thought that Mr. Buckwith was trying to tie up some of this property?"

"Oh, he knew that. But, you see, that was Mr. Buckwith's right."

"That's all," Metcalf said, and walked to his chair.

Joe Diamond remained standing, scratching his chin.

"Mrs. McIver, your husband and Mr. Buckwith were friends?"

"Oh, absolutely! Mr. Buckwith was even turning back some property that Lynn had an interest in and didn't know about."

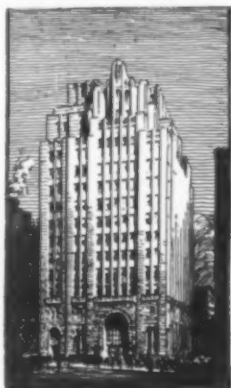
"There had been no quarrel?"

"No; never!"

He helped her down from the witness stand, with the air of one who has success-

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### INFORMATION FOR WRITERS OF BROADCAST

News copy for the September Issue  
should reach Editors by August 8.

Double space typing, use only one  
side of paper.

Make separate story of sports news  
if possible.

fully checkmated an opposition move.

By then it was late afternoon, and court adjourned. At the next day's session Jill was back with her master, and Buckwith was sworn the first thing.

"I want you to tell the court," Diamond began, "what happened when Chetham and Lynn McIver met the day after the defendant had given an option on his place."

The witness considered a moment and then, calmly, slowly, told of the meeting and of how McIver happened to come out of his office as he and Chetham were talking.

"Yes; and what did the defendant say?" "Well, he seemed to be pretty well worked up; he thought he'd been beaten. He said he thought McIver's methods were dirty pool."

"Those were his words? Well, then, how did he act?"

Buckwith shook his head. "As though he was having a job to hold onto himself. He got red and trembled. He didn't say any more, but he jerked his horse around and drove off, muttering to himself."

"Then you would consider him more than 'put out,' as Mrs. McIver has said her husband said the defendant was?"

"I certainly would! He was mad clear through!"

"Now tell what you saw in the vicinity of Chetham's farm on the afternoon that McIver was killed."

The man settled his mouth and frowned and shifted, as if to gather the detail of his recollections. He told of how he happened to be in the vicinity, with infinite pains to be clear; of how he had intended to hunt, perhaps, and of how tire trouble had changed all his plans; of how he had heard the shot as he had heard other shots, and of how he had then seen Chetham emerge from the timber.

"Now, was the defendant carrying a gun?"

"He was."

"And you thought he had been hunting?"

"That's what I thought . . . then. He had his dog and his gun."

Chetham's feet drew back under his chair at that.

"Where did he go?"

"Into his house and left the gun; anyhow, he didn't have it when he came out and went down to his garden patch."

Chetham leaned forward and put a hand on Metcalf's shoulder. He almost touched his attorney's cheek with his as he whispered, and Metcalf turned in his chair. They conversed in those inaudible tones for a moment and sweat broke out on the lawyer's forehead.

Diamond kept up his questioning for almost an hour and, all in all, Buckwith produced a most convincing story, told without any show of indignation, although he gave the impression that at times it was difficult for him to control his voice when talking about the man who had once been his business partner.

"That'll do," said Joe, and turned away; and it was easy to tell that he thought he had impressed the jury deeply.

Metcalf rumbled his hair as he rose to take the witness.

"Why was your partnership with Lynn McIver dissolved?"

Buckwith wet his lips, settling for a defensive combat.

"We got in rather bad two years ago. I wanted to retrench; Lynn wanted to go ahead. So we quit, and quit friends."

"But you, for your part, had obligations enough?"

"I thought so at the time."

"Weren't you sure?"

"Yes, I was," He smiled, as if in chagrin at his mistakes.

"And real estate has been pretty slow since then?"

"It has."

"You were pretty well involved personally, weren't you?"

"That depends on what you mean."

They parried for an interval, Metcalf growing more severe in his manner, Buckwith reddening with resentment.

"Well, I'll ask you this," the lawyer finally cried, leveling a finger. "Were you, or were you not, up to the time of this murder, desperately pressed to meet your obligations?"

Diamond sprang up to protest, but Buckwith himself, turning to the judge, asked: "Your Honor, have I got to stand for such questions? I'm only doing my duty as a citizen here, and it's not pleasant at best. I don't see where my—"

"I think it's a proper question. You may reply," said the judge.

Buckwith growled at Metcalf: "No, I wasn't desperately pressed."

"But still you found out about the deal McIver had on, and you needed money badly enough to jump in and try to beat him to some of the parcels his clients wanted?"

"What's wrong with that? It's just stiff competition and—"

"But isn't that what you were doing?"

"Well, yes, it was. But we were friendly, I'll tell you!"

Metcalf feigned surprise. "I'm glad to hear that!" He took a few paces back and forth; then, halting suddenly, he asked: "Do you want me to bring into court copies of letters written to you by the National Bank demanding that you meet certain obligations, or—"



Joe Diamond's vigorous objection prevailed. Buckwith brushed his forehead with an angry gesture, and Metcalf, a bit pale, stood staring hard at him.

"Was it or was it not highly important to your affairs," he asked, "that you turn something into money at once?"

"Not very important." The witness evidently was hanging onto himself now.

Metcalf eyed him closely, with a queer smile, then tossed his head. "Fair enough! We'll come back to that. Now I want you to describe just how this defendant came out of the woods after the shot you claim you heard fired."

The other stirred, as if he were relieved to get back to matters other than personal.

"Why, the first I noticed was the dog. She was standing in front of a clump of hemlocks, looking up, and wagging her tail. I watched, and in a minute Chetham came out."

"How long was that after the shot?"

"Why, not over a minute. Melver's body was right there and—"

"Never mind that! What was the dog doing?"

"Just looking up. When Chetham came out, she followed."

"Was she hunting, then?"

"No, she stayed at heel."

"Right at heel? Or did she run out ahead?"

Buckwith hesitated, squinting. "I think she ran a few steps ahead, once, sort of dancing, playing; then went back to heel."

"But she didn't leave him. Didn't try to go back into the cover or any other place?"

"No!" A new quality in Metcalf's eyes was netting.

"And you're positive that this is the dog?" motioning to Jill.

"I couldn't mistake her. I saw both her sides; snow-white. I've known that dog by sight for two years."

"Yes, but are you sure it was this particular dog at this particular time?"

"Yes, I'm sure!"

"All right; I want it straight in the minds of the jury." Again Buckwith brushed his forehead as if the sarcasm were getting under his skin. "Now, about the defendant: Did he walk fast?"

At first he went sort of cautiously and was looking around; later he went faster. He almost ran when he got near the house."

"Was he carrying anything?"

"All I could see was the gun."

"What kind was it?"

"A double-barreled shot gun."

"Swear to it?"

Buckwith said, exasperated: "I already have! I'm under oath here!"

"Yes; and keep that in mind . . . How was he carrying the gun?"

"Why, when he first came out, he had it over his shoulder; then he carried it in his hand, trailing, sort of."

"And you couldn't be mistaken about its being a gun?"

"Certainly not. The sun was shining; I wasn't thirty rods away."

The lawyer turned and stared through the window a moment. Then he dropped one hand to his side, as if wearily.

"All right. He was carrying it over which shoulder?"

Buckwith considered, watching the other. His annoyance seemed to be relieved by Metcalf's apparent weariness.

"The right, I think," he answered easily.

"And then he shifted it to the other, did you say?"

"I did not!"—with a gleam of triumph. "He carried it trailing."



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"Now, about where would you say his hand gripped the gun?"

"Well, so it would balance."

"That isn't answering my question."

"That's a fine point and—"

"But I'm asking the question to develop a fine point!" and, suddenly growing tense again, Metcalf hurled questions, snapped up the witness, flared at him. This went on for fifteen minutes or more, Buckwith again and again trying to demonstrate with a hand at his side how Chetham carried the gun and Metcalf misunderstanding and making it all confusing.

"If the Court please," he said finally, "I'd like to bring a gun such as the witness has described into this courtroom, and have him show the jury just how he is willing to swear that the defendant carried it."

The prosecutor objected, but Metcalf persisted, and his request was granted.

"We will recess for fifteen minutes while you get the gun," the judge said.

Bill Bullard went out on the errand, and Chetham, Jill at his heels, went out after a drink, accompanied by a deputy.

The sheriff was back before any of the others of the court, except Metcalf, had reentered the room. The lawyer took the gun and laid it across the stenographer's desk

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and then walked thoughtfully up and down. His face was a bit drawn.

"Now, Buckwith," he resumed, when the recess was over, "to get back to the dog. You are certain she was at heel?—that she did not leave her master from the time he left the timber until he reached his house, thirty rods away?"

"Yes, I'm sure"—wearily.

"And the dog lying there beside Mr. Chetham is the dog he had with him?"

"Of course. I could tell her half a mile away."

"Now, I'm going to see if this dog will follow you as you say she followed the defendant and also have you demonstrate how he carried his gun. Just step down here, please."

Joe Diamond was on his feet, alert, frowning a bit as Buckwith rather reluctantly rose.

"She won't follow me, likely."

"We'll see about that. Step out here and call to her." Metcalf's voice was imperative, sharper than it had been. Buckwith came from the stand, "Call her, now."

The other extended a hand, snapping his thumb. The hand trembled ever so slightly and a look of misgiving was in his eyes.

"Here, girl! . . . Here . . . Come here, girl . . . See, she won't . . ."

Jill had lifted her head. She looked, neck rising slowly to its full height as if in overwhelming surprise at being addressed by this man.

"Send her out," Metcalf muttered, with a nod to Chetham.

"Go on, Jill," her master said in a low voice. The dog snapped to her feet, eyeing him in puzzlement, looking quickly at Buckwith and back to Ned again, tail waving slightly. A regal thing she was!

"Go on to him," her master said, and, ears drooping a bit, she obeyed, trotting across to Buckwith, nose quivering.

"Now tell her to heel and walk across there and back," Metcalf indicated a point at the other side of the room.

Buckwith started to speak and had to clear his voice. "Heel," he said on the second attempt.

Instantly, the dog fell in behind him, sniffing his leg, adjusting her pace to his. Across the room they went and Buckwith faced about. Jill turned, too, casting an inquiring look at Chetham, who was strained forward in his chair, and the plumed tail wagged again.

"That about as she followed him?" Metcalf asked, as necks craned.

"As I remember it," Buckwith said, edging toward the witness chair. "She always followed him that way."

"And now"—Metcalf stepped away from his place before the jury—"pick up that gun lying there and show us how Chetham carried it." Something in his voice seemed to cut down the breathing of the crowd; that same quality made Buckwith fidget, too, and eye Metcalf closely. The freckles began to stand out on his face. "Well, pick it up, now"—insistently. "Or don't you recall how he carried the gun?"

Jill sniffed at Buckwith's pants leg slowly. The man looked down at her, reached for the gun, and said irritably:

"Well, he had it . . ."

He never finished that sentence. As he lifted the gun the dog looked up. Her tail whipped between her legs, her eyes flared, and, with a whimper, she bolted!

Across the room she charged, straight into a closed door, sprawling to her side with a yelp of terror.

Chetham rose in the hubbub. "Jill!" he cried sharply. "Come in, Jill!"

As well have yelled to a whirlwind! In terror the dog rushed the rail, ready to leap out among the spectators. But by then even those in the front rows were getting to their feet. They rose, a wall before her, and, slipping on the linoleum, she turned again.

Once more Chetham cried to her as she went past him, under a table, and, without gathering herself, leaped the rail about the jury box. In between two of the jurors she went, moaning, slaving, through their grasping arms, down among the legs of those in the second row and under the chair of Number Twelve. There, her nose tight in the corner, she lay, trembling and whimpering.

Bullard brandished his arms for order; the judge pounded with his gavel for quiet.

Quiet, with Buckwith standing there, gun at his feet, leaning shakily against the bench, jaw sagging? Quiet, with Metcalf advancing slowly toward him, bent forward stiffly, face blanched with accusation? Quiet, when he had testified that Jill had been with her master only a moment after he had fired his gun? That she had followed at heel as he hastened to his house, the gun on his shoulder?

No, no quiet then! Ours is a grouse country; every man in that room knew a gun-shy dog when he saw one. Every man in that room, from judge to youngest spectator, knew the treacherous perjury!

It was the judge who cried the warning, as Buckwith made his first desperate turn. His voice cut above the uproar, and hands grappled the fugitive. Oh, he wanted to flee, as the setter had fled; the fear in his heart was no less than that which sight of the gun stirred in Jill's. But he was not gun-shy, Buckwith . . . truth-shy, justice-shy!

Ned Chetham dropped his face to his cupped hands, shuddering, and he was the only man within that railing who did not join the cluster about Buckwith as, slumped gibbering to the floor, he looked wildly up at them while the sheriff's big hand gripped him.

Because of the hubbub they could not hear his first hoarse cries. But gradually the deputies drove the crowd into silence.

"Didn't shoot him!" Buckwith finally was heard to croak . . . "Went to talk . . . to beg . . . piece of his profits. Rightly mine, I say! I had to have money or . . . lose everything. I begged . . . went down on my knees, and when he wouldn't . . . But I didn't shoot, I tell you! I went dizzy, there in the woods and . . . he just lay down in front of me . . . Oh-h-h!"

The only sounds, then, were the crowd's excited breathing. Joe Diamond looked at the judge and at the sheriff. He tried to speak but could not.

"Come on, Buckwith!" Bullard said. "Get up!" But he could not get up, so they carried him out, weeping, protesting, begging . . .

Then the deputies could clear the room. The judge stood beside his chair, and when the sounds were only a muffled rumble of voices and shuffle of feet from below, he took off his glasses and cleared his throat. As he looked down at Ned a queer gleam came into his eye, and the lad rose slowly.

A low whimper came from the jury box. "Go get her, son," the judge said, and cleared his throat sharply.

On his knees among the chairs, Ned put out a hand, making low, coaxing sounds. "Jill!"—shakily. "Jill! Come in now!"

She stirred, casting a look over her shoulder as she tried to drive her belly tighter to the floor. Then, seeing him, she was in

his arms, frantically burying her muzzle under his armpit, crawling into sanctuary.

The boy lifted his face and closed his eyes, and his lips twitched.

It was, perhaps, a full ten seconds before the judge spoke.

"She's a great little dog, son," he said. Ned opened his eyes.

"Yes, Judge . . . a great little dog. But . . . she's always been so ashamed of it! . . . And to have it happen . . . before everyone!"

The judge blew his nose violently. He looked down at Joe Diamond.

"Well?" he asked.

The prosecutor smiled wretchedly.

"We move," he said, "for a dismissal."

A low thumping. They turned toward Chatham. He was bent low over the setter, protectingly, and her tail had commenced to rap the floor.

## TROPICAL TOPICS

### Pearl Harbor

(Continued from page 23)

tonished at the number of men smoking cigars. The persons responsible were the nine men promoted to corporal on that date: Roy Oseit, Albert Holman, Harold Jones, Edward Rupe, Arvin Murphy, William Agee, Robert Johnson, Howard Wells, and James Terrell.

Five men, not so generous with the cigars, but receiving just as sincere congratulations from their comrades were promoted to privates first class: Herman Knapke, Gordon Smith, Oliver Ellis, Wade Mann, and Richard Leady.

Despite the celebration of promotions, the clamoring and discussions around the sailing list, and the jubilating at the prospect of returning "home" the barracks has been a comparatively quiet place during the past month. The usual squawks and wails emanating from the gym during morning hours have been missed. The members of the guard have been able to sleep in peace and the evening busses running to Honolulu have been losing money—the band has been at the rifle range! But the energy usually expended by them in making metal tubes turn out music was put to good use, for the band qualified (according to the advance unofficial dope) 100 per cent.

Members of the main gate guard boast that the band does not have a monopoly on all the musicians in the post. As proof they invite all and sundry to tune in on KGMB, Saturday evening or Sunday afternoon and be charmed by the tenor voice of Pvt. Sanford Tiedeman floating smoothly over the ether waves.

"Shorty" Hannum and Bandsman Willoughby have a different way of attacking the ether waves. They have been doing some flying at Roger's Airport "Just to keep the feel of the stick." Hannum, who served more than three years of his first enlistment in aviation, has requested a re-assignment to that duty.

Since "Spud" Murphy is one of those whose foreign shore service is ended it was a matter of speculation as to what would become of the ancient, green, touring car which has been taking Marines around the Island these many years past. But the suspense is over; the word is out that Private Rasmussen is to become heir and that he and Knox have devolved some kind of partnership to see that the scenic part of the commands' education is carried out. But those in the know say that the car is to serve an additional purpose. Rasmussen, failing to persuade the bus company to ex-

tend the line out to a certain (blonde) friend's home, decided to buy his own bus.

Recently, seven room has been making a bid for the limelight in the news column. One of its inmates, Edward Frazier, is thinking of taking the "I do" vow.

Speaking of inmates, the following was heard just after the evening meal today: Arthur (Samson) Hixon, entering the squad-room, "Have you seen 'Deadeye Lewis' around?" Healy, "No. When did he get loose again?"

Healy has been going ashore regularly. He claims to be studying Spanish—four foot eleven of it. He didn't know there was such a wallop in studying Spanish until he got one right on the jaw.

It wouldn't be fair to give the name of the "inmate" who does his romancing vicariously—the one who buys a ream of paper a week.

There is nothing like an occasional element of surprise to make life worth living. Ask those who bunk near Private Roman. It seems that one night Roman dreamed of being a second Picard and exploring the heavens in a balloon. After he had ascended a few hundred feet he was forced to make a landing. Just as the basket touched the ground and the gas bag was about to come crashing about his head, Roman woke up. Confusing his mosquito netting for the bag, he made a life saving jump from his bunk and provided some excitement and loss of sleep while he fought his way out of the netting.

Two of the men bunking in seven room have been paid off. Corporal Sanford was paid off on the 21st. He is taking a job with the Hawaiian Dredging Company. Sgt. John W. McCafferty, who recently passed a civil service examination with a standing of 90 per cent, is also going to take a try at civil life. It is hoped that they will meet with as much success on their new jobs as they did in the Marine Corps.

GySgt. (Tailor-Made) Davis was paid off and reenlisted this month. When he returns from furlough he will go to the rifle range to continue his duties as NCO in charge.

The baseball team has run into some bad luck lately. Last week Catcher Todd was put out of the game with a split finger and this week David Gross, substitute catcher, injured a hand. That and a few other bad breaks have served to keep the team toward the bottom of the list in the Army-Navy League. However, interest has been maintained because the team has been playing a good game and doing some real hitting as attested by the beating handed to the FMF when they were on maneuvers.

## PANAMARINES

### By The Sniper

Since our last humble attempt at garnering news at Coco Solo, a genuine smoker was held, which brought out all of the dormant talent in Marine Barracks.

The show was led by Sergeant Skowronek, who was ably assisted by Pvt. "Hoople" Slattery, Pvt. "Popeye" Rush and Pvt. "Haywire" Cooke. Private Cooke acted as Master of Ceremonies, and all of you would-be "dubs" and golfers would have received a timely lesson could you have seen his hole in "56 strokes." Privts. "Plow-Boy" Hill and "Popeye" Rush danced the Apache Dance as it was never danced before. Boy, oh boy, what a scream! "Schnozzle" Moyer acted as the baby in that ancient "drammer." "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied." He says he is fully qualified

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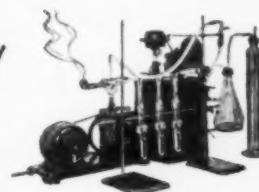


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# EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

as one of Ted Healey's stooges now. Pvt. "Percival" Purviance has mastered the five strings on his guitar completely. His St. Louis Blues, which is largely made up of chords of his own invention, was sensational. The "Hill Billy" quintet rendered harmony so close that we all felt like the proverbial old red rooster himself. Pvt. "General" Cooke's inspection of a "Cracked Squad" took the cake. Eight ornamented legionnaires, concave and convex, fell in, but fell out with General Cooke at first sight. Discrepancies were recorded in ancient script on yea old roll of familiar tissue and duly offered as sacrifices to the channel cats. Pvt. "I havit" Adams, attired in his gigolo frock, tapped as no Fred Astair dreamed of shaking the dogs. Adams recently received a bid to the Gandy Dancer's Association, located somewhere on Sands Street, Brooklyn. Boy, what a future! The "He done her wrong" act has developed post bellum complications. Pvt. "She" Hill has divorced Pvt. "He" Rush on the grounds of bank account anguish. Pvt. "Offspring" Moyer refuses to take sides; say that ma and pa rank him by an hour and a half.

The success of the smoker was partly due to the timely arrival of the sandwiches and 3.2. Credit goes to Lieutenant Brower, our Morale Officer. All hands are hankering for another smoker or perhaps we should say for some more free chow.

Memorial Day was commemorated on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus by a colorful parade and impressive ceremony. Army, Navy, and Marine Corps troops, augmented by many civilian organizations, marched from Cristobal to Mount Hope. The splendid appearance and military performance of the parading troops gave a distinct feeling of security to all hands on this side of the Isthmus. Consensus of military and civilian officials alike was that the combined naval and Marine detachment from the submarine base was the snappiest and best appearing of all the parading troops.

The basketball team is slowly rounding into shape. Very few of the players have had extensive experience on the court, but all hands are working hard, which earmarks the machine as a sure winner. Lieutenant Brower, our coach, is using a neat pivot system which incorporates fast cutting plays nicely screened. The Lieutenant quotes his one time crack Brooklyn aggregation as a living example of what the system has done and will do.

On Wednesday, June 5th, Maj. Gen. Lytle Brown, U. S. Army, Commanding General of all army troops in the Panama Canal Zone, made an official call on Capt. Guy Davis, U. S. Navy, the new Commanding Officer, U. S. Submarine Base, Coco Solo, C. Z. The Coco Solo Marine detachment provided the full guard incident to the customary honors rendered. Upon the General's arrival at the Submarine Base, he inspected the guard and complimented our Marines very highly on their splendid appearance.

Our Big, Bad, Ex-Brig Warden, Corporal Haynes, will soon be completely bald if the rain doesn't quit interfering with his tennis. Private First Class Osborne is beginning to tell under the strain; as soon as the Mail Orderly sees that look of utter despair in his eyes which says "You got a letter for me?" he runs into the office for protection. Private Dusenbery, after spending three dollars a week for the last year on the lottery, finally hit for \$2.50.

Good luck and congratulations to Privates Godwin and Vaughn on their promotion to Private First Class. Thanks for

the cigars. We hope some one else makes it soon. The Army Transport *Chateau Thierry* departed from these shores, taking along with her Corporal Metzger, our oyster demolisher, Private First Class Simon, the Frank Buck of Panama; Privates Yockey and Hamilton. Bon Voyage, Mates; see you next cruise.

Our Top Kick, First Sergeant Abbott, is getting kind of Scotch these days. He leaves his car at home and rides back and forth on a bike. Incidentally, we hear that the Top is well up on the list for promotion to sergeant major. Good luck, First Sergeant. Hope I'm around for the cigars.

The Bus Guards, Privates Doherty and Anthony, are back in the "Ole" Corps once more since school has let out. Private Lowery has sent to the States for a package of Magic Hair Restorer. We all wonder if he lost his golden locks from strenuous thinking.

If we can run across enough news for next month, we will be seeing you, so, hasta luego, adios.

#### PARRIS ISLAND NEWS

(Continued from page 21)

"fame"! As Close Order Drillers we were unparalleled. Ask "Ace" Jenkins or "Left Oblique" Allen. We should have been called "The Unbeatables." We certainly rated a more deserving title than "EIGHT BALL."

Of course, when "Boot" training was about finished we were told often that we never did go through boot camp. "Say, you should have been here back in '98 when I went through. We had men then—not cream puffs, etc." At any rate we filled the prescribed course and fifty-eight gallant Marines will be separated and spread out all over the Marine Corps by the time this goes to press. Fifty-eight buddies that sweated and laughed and cursed together in mutual toil, sorrow, strife and play. Where are they now?—let's see, there was "Hazzard," the guy who lost his name, "Old Michigan," "Mississippi," J. W., "Hap," Fritz and Andy, the undividable—oh, well, the devil takes care of his own, and though it's a long call from P. L. S. C. to The Bund, we'll probably meet another day east of Suez or some God-forsaken spot where the Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand.

#### MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE NEWS

(Continued from page 16)

Under normal conditions, the United States Government is continually seeking suitable young men in the various government offices. For several years the number of appointments averaged 40,000 annually. In the last fiscal year thousands of appointments were made, a large number being necessary to fill positions in the emergency agencies.

The government is a good paymaster and an ideal employer. Government service offers many chances for ambitious and capable persons to rise to responsible positions that command large salaries. The usual basic salary at the time of appointment is from \$110.00 to \$155.00 a month with yearly promotions in many positions. All men honorably discharged from the United States military or naval service receive a preference of 5 per cent, which is added to the grade they receive on any examination.

The lessons of each course embrace every detail that is necessary to give the student a thorough knowledge of the government examination in view, and practically to insure his passing it if he studies them as directed. They include thorough instruction in each subject so that the student may be equipped to answer any questions. They require the study of nothing that is not actually helpful. They give actual practice in passing examinations similar to those of the government. They equip the student not only to pass his examination but also to hold his position after appointment.

The School of Civil Service has the following group of courses that if studied conscientiously will prepare the student for any type of government examination that he may desire to take: Civil Service Bookkeeper, Civil Service Post Office, Post Office Inspector, Civil Service Stenographer-Typist, Post Office Inspector, Immigration Inspector, Inspector of Customs, Immigration Patrol Inspector, Civil Service Clerical, Railway Post Clerk and Clerk-Carrier, Civil Service Combination.

#### A MARINE LOOKS AT HAWAII

(Continued from page 9)

little village on the western shore. This little town, framed in jagged pineapple and sugar cane fields on the towering West Maui Mountains, was the most natural picture seen by the writer in Hawaii. Natives relate that the Lahaina Sunsets are the territories grandest.

The island of Molokai has a sad celebrity because of the leper colony; the establishment, to which all lepers in Hawaii are sent, was begun in 1864. It is isolated from the remainder of the islands by cliffs. *Mai Pake* (Chinese disease) is now successfully cured with Chaulmoogra oil.

We sailed by Kauai, the garden isle, during the early morning. This island, the smallest of the group and geologically the oldest, is noted for its rich profusion of foliage. The people say "to visit Kauai is to see the luxuriance, abundance, and color of the Hawaiian Islands at their best. The chief attraction on Kauai is the Grand Canyon of the Waimea. Other attractions are the Hanalei Valley, Kuliolono Park, and Lawai Beach. The latter is a private estate and is one of the world's famous landscaped gardens.

The scenic isle of Hawaii is twice the size of all the other islands combined. Its scenic features are volcanic mountains Mauna Kea, "White Mountain," and Mauna Loa. Mauna Kea is the tallest island mountain in the world, reaching nearly 14,000 feet over sea-level. Sixteen miles from Mauna Loa is the most picturesque active volcano of the day—Kilauea. This crater erupted in 1790 and killed an entire division of King Keoua's army, their wives, and children. The old Hawaiians thought it an evil omen exemplifying Goddess Pele's wrath. On Kilauea, established in 1911, is a volcano observatory. Over 60,000 persons traverse the thirty miles paved road from Hilo to Kilauea annually. Its last eruption was in 1924. Two divisions of the Hawaiian National Park are on Hawaii. The grotesque volcanic section of Kauai, the temples and burial caves of Kona, the coffee plantations, the waterfalls, and the giant tree ferns are frequently observed by tourist nature lovers.

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juice—the veritable life blood of Hawaii. Sugar production is Hawaii's basic industry. Although Cuba leads the world in sugar output, in no country has service and efficiency been more utilized than in Hawaii. The maximum yield is often 15 tons per acre, the average, unirrigated, 5 tons, and irrigated, 7½ tons.

Sugar cane requires a moist and warm climate. It takes from fourteen to thirty months to grow, and the planters often have two or three crops maturing simultaneously. During the maturative period the crop is subject to insectile devastation. Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association entomologists introduced immigrant insects from other lands to counteract the native bugs. Lahaina cane failed in 1900. Hybridization, however, produced H-100 sugar cane which is grown throughout the islands today.

An important year in the history of Hawaii was 1876, for it was in that year the Reciprocity Treaty was signed, and the first irrigation canal, The Hamakua ditch, was dug. Uncle Sam charges every country a 96 per cent tariff on sugar, except Cuba, who is charged 20 per cent less. Because of the reciprocity treaty the United States levies no import duty on Hawaiian sugar. The export to the mainland last year totalled over \$7,000,000. The reciprocity treaty, irrigation, and the multiple effect evaporators brought

island sugar to a zenith. The growth of the industry as tabulated:

| Year | Tons    |
|------|---------|
| 1876 | 13,036  |
| 1898 | 229,414 |
| 1910 | 517,090 |
| 1931 | 993,787 |
| 1934 | 850,166 |

"It takes energy to climb to the top" the advertisements say, and it's their way of telling you about Hawaiian pineapple. Hawaii's second industry owes its present importance to advertising—a market had to be created. In 1903 the Hawaiian Pineapple Company canned only 1,893 cases; last year there were over 9,000,000 cases canned in Hawaii. The Smooth Cayenne may be grown on higher ground than sugar cane, and it requires no irrigation.

One interesting condition noticed in Hawaii was the intense educational activity. The modern Hawaiian school system is second to none. Education is compulsory for those between the ages six and sixteen, and youths of all races attend the schools. The University of Hawaii, noted vocationally, has many pupils of different races, for as President Wilson said in Cincinnati's Music Hall in 1916: "America is not made out of a single stock. Here we have a great melting Pot."



AIRCRAFT ONE SMOKING 'EM UP  
There have been so many demands for this picture from the local photo laboratory that it has been asked that THE LEATHERNECK be sent one for publication so that all readers can have a copy. It was taken during the air races at Cleveland last year and is believed to be the best smoke picture in any service.

THE LEATHERNECK



# THE GAZETTE

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31    | 17,145 |
| <b>COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—May 31</b>   | 1,149  |
| Separations during June                  | 17     |
| Appointments during June                 | 1,132  |
|  | 31     |
| Total Strength on June 29                | 1,163  |
| <b>ENLISTED—Total Strength on May 31</b> | 16,016 |
| Separations during June                  | 125    |
| Joinings during June                     | 15,591 |
|  | 506    |
| Total Strength on June 29                | 16,097 |
| Total Strength Marine Corps on June 29   | 17,260 |



## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.  
Brig. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.  
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.  
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.  
Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

### Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman.  
Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick.  
Col. Ross E. Rowell.  
Lt.-Col. William C. James.  
Maj. James A. Mixson.  
Capt. Maxwell H. Mizell.  
1st Lt. Forest C. Thompson.

### Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman.  
Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick.  
Col. Samuel M. Harrington.  
Lt.-Col. Clifton B. Cates.  
Maj. Edwin J. Mund.  
Capt. Robert G. Hunt.  
1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JUNE 7, 1935.  
Lt. Col. Harry G. Bartlett, retired as of 1 Sept. 1935.  
Maj. George C. Hammer, about 15 June, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.  
Maj. William W. Rogers, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., dated 30 March; modified; on completion of Course at Army Industrial College, to duty on Staff of that school.  
Maj. William K. MacNulty, about 1 July, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, to Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Authorized to delay in reporting at Fort Leavenworth until 25 August.  
Maj. Herwin H. Silverthorn, about 1 Aug., detached from duty as Inspector-Instructor, 8th and 9th Battalions, FMCL, Chicago, Ill., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay in reporting MB, Quantico until 31 August.  
Maj. Charles A. Wynn, about 10 July, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.  
Capt. Frederick E. Stack, about 24 June, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NROTCU, Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga. Authorized to delay reporting until 1 August.  
Capt. William S. Fellers, about 1 Aug., detached NROTCU, Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay in reporting at MB, Quantico, Va., until 31 August.  
Capt. Solon C. Kemm, AQM, on 22 June detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, American Legation, Peking, China, via SS "President Harrison," sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on 19 July. Authorized to delay enroute San Francisco until 15 July.  
Capt. Thomas J. Cushman, on or about 15 July, detached Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C., to Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala. Authorized to delay reporting at that school until 26 Aug.

(Continued on page 52)

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JUNE 1, 1935.  
Cpl. Clarence E. Hendershot—New York to Puget Sound.  
Cpl. Martin H. Grohowski—Guantanamo to Dover.  
JUNE 3, 1935.  
Sgt. Daniel J. McNeil—Norfolk to PI.  
JUNE 4, 1935.  
Cpl. Judson S. Locke—FMF to Pensacola.  
JUNE 5, 1935.  
Cpl. Magnus S. Sigvaldsen—FMF to Pensacola.  
JUNE 6, 1935.  
Cpl. Wm. A. Hedges—Yorktown to Philadelphia.  
Cpl. Chas. L. Dodd—FMF to Great Lakes.  
JUNE 10, 1935.  
Sgt. Fred G. Lewis—FMF to MB, Quantico.  
1st Sgt. Wm. A. Jordan—WC to PI.  
Sgt. Plummer W. King—USS "Pennsylvania" to Philadelphia.  
Sgt. Jos. E. Head—FMF to HRDP, Pittsburgh.  
Gy-Sgt. Carl A. Nelson—USS "Astoria" to San Diego.  
Cpl. Jos. C. Hotard—MB, Washington to Hdqrs.  
Gy-Sgt. Orval C. Gilstrap—Quantico to San Diego.  
Gy-Sgt. John Lewis—FMF to MCB, San Diego.  
JUNE 11, 1935.  
Cpl. Harold M. Tupper—Philadelphia to APM, Philadelphia.  
JUNE 12, 1935.  
Cpl. Edgar L. Hardin—Charleston to FMF.  
Cpl. Jack Weil—Iona Island to Newport.  
Sgt. John E. O'Neil—FMF to HRDP.  
JUNE 13, 1935.  
1st Sgt. Jos. L. Coleman—FMF, San Diego to Norfolk.  
Gy-Sgt. Philip T. Odien—USS "Minneapolis" to Norfolk.  
Cpl. Roy P. Peterson—Boston to Asiatic.  
JUNE 14, 1935.  
Sgt. Samuel A. Sapder—NYd, DC to Dover.  
QM Sgt. Chas. R. Butt—PI to Philadelphia.  
Cpl. Theodore S. Mullaney—Quantico to Hingham.  
Cpl. Frank E. Horton—Dover to Guantanamo.  
JUNE 15, 1935.  
Sgt. Geo. Jones—Pearl Harbor to Quantico.  
JUNE 17, 1935.  
1st Sgt. Sanford N. Young—WC to USS "Salt Lake City."  
Sgt. Carl H. Gustavson—Quantico to 2nd Signal Co., San Diego.  
JUNE 18, 1935.  
Cpl. John S. Snider—USS "Tennessee" to New York.  
Cpl. Maxie W. Booker—USS "Trenton" to Pensacola.  
Cpl. Wm. T. McConarty, Jr.—USS "Trenton" to Portsmouth, N. H.  
Cpl. Melbourne Peterson—Quantico to San Diego.  
Cpl. John F. Jost—Quantico to San Diego.  
Cpl. Alex V. Borring—USS "Nevada" to Great Lakes.

(Continued on page 54)

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

HARRIS, Arthur J., 5-31-35, Baltimore for Quantico.  
PETCHKO, Walter B., 5-31-35, Portsmouth, Va., for NAD, Hingham.  
KENT, Hardy J., 5-27-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.  
MARTIN, George W., 5-31-35, Quantico for Quantico.  
OCHALA, Stanley, 5-31-35, Lakehurst for Lakehurst.  
CRAFT, Robert H., 6-1-35, Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs., USMC.  
O'CONNOR, Thomas P., 6-1-35, Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs., USMC.  
HYATT, Thomas "W.", 5-31-35, Savannah for Parris Island.  
FAIN, Evan M., 5-11-35, San Diego for San Diego.  
McGREW, David R., Jr., 5-26-35, San Diego for San Diego.  
PIERCE, Chase, 5-9-35, USS "Utah," for MB, PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.  
REEVES, Harold, 5-18-35, USS "Utah," for 6th Marines, FMF.  
STONE, Rupert E., 5-26-35, San Diego for San Diego.  
HECKARD, Harry A., 5-27-35, San Diego for San Diego.  
ANDERSON, Herbert, 6-2-35, Quantico for Quantico.  
HANNA, Henry C., 6-3-35, Washington, D. C., for NOP, Co. Charleston, W. Va.  
MURPHY, Vincent E., 5-28-35, NAS, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.  
STEPHENS, Arthur S., 6-2-35, Quantico for FMS, Quantico.  
FOERCH, Wayne E., 6-1-35, Quantico for Quantico.  
GARNER, Jackson L., 6-3-35, Parris Island for Quantico.  
JOHN, Edgar, 6-3-35, Quantico for Quantico.  
ROZIER, William N., 6-3-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.  
SAUER, Edward F., 6-4-35, New York for MB, NYd, New York.  
STRINGFELLOW, LeRoy, 6-3-35, Savannah for Parris Island.  
COOPER, Harry, 6-5-35, Newport for NTS, Newport, R. I.  
SIEMIANOWSKI, Theodore S., 6-5-35, Newport for NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.  
HINSEY, George P., 6-6-35, New York for NYd, New York.  
SPARE, Miles McL., 6-4-35, Chicago for Quantico.  
BRANCH, William W., 6-5-35, Savannah for Charleston, S. C.  
CUNNINGHAM, Samuel K., 6-5-35, Savannah for Yorktown, Va.  
HARDY, Harris M., 6-4-35, New Orleans for Pensacola, Fla.  
CHAVES, Benjamin, 6-1-35, Seattle for NAS, Seattle.  
BLANCHARD, Joseph E., 6-6-35, Hingham for Hingham.  
BOWERMASTER, Donald, 6-6-35, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.  
GINTER, William E., 6-3-35, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.  
MYERS, Marion E., 6-6-35, Lakehurst for Mare Island.  
SPARKS, Clifford H., 6-5-35, New Orleans for Pensacola.  
YOST, Harold G., 6-3-35, Los Angeles for San Diego.  
BACH, COSTELLO, 6-3-35, Mare Island for Sunnyvale.  
BROUGHER, Freeman, 6-3-35, Mare Island for Pensacola.

(Continued on page 54)

## U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 51)

Capt. William L. McKittrick, about 19 July detached Aircraft I, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala. Authorized to delay reporting at that school until 26 August.

1st Lt. Francis J. McQuillen, about 25 June, detached MB, Puget Sound N.Yd, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, USS "Texas,"

1st Lt. Richard W. Hayward, about 1 July, detached MD, USS "Sacramento" to MB, N.Yd, New York, N. Y. Authorized to delay 2 months in reporting.

Qm. Clk. Percy H. Uhlinger, appointed a Quartermaster Clerk (A&I Dept.) and assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

Following officers were promoted to the grades indicated on 3 June, 1935, to rank from 14 May:

1st Lt. Col. William C. James.

Maj. Galen M. Sturgis.

Capt. William W. Davidson.

Following named midshipment appointed second lieutenants in Marine Corps and ordered to duty at MB, N.Yd, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Charles O. Bierman.

Robert A. Black.

John J. Cosgrove, Jr.

James W. Crowther.

Robert E. Cushman, Jr.

Leonard K. Davis.

Elmer T. Dorsey.

Bernard E. Dunkle.

Bruce T. Hemphill.

Gordon E. Hendricks.

Herlyn D. Holmes.

Richard D. Hughes.

Arnold F. Johnston.

Kenneth D. Kerby.

Carl A. Laster.

William N. McGill.

John M. Miller.

Wallace M. Nelson.

Edwin P. Pennebaker, Jr.

Frederick A. Ramsey, Jr.

Charles W. Ehelburne.

Robert T. Stivers, Jr.

Charles T. Tingle.

Harvey S. Waiseth.

Richard G. Weede.

JUNE 10, 1935.

1st Lt. Col. Frederick A. Gardener, retired as of 1 August.

Maj. James F. Moriarity, APM, detailed an Assistant Paymaster as of 1 June.

Maj. George W. VanHoose, retired as of 1 August.

Maj. Alfred A. Cunningham, retired as of 1 August.

Maj. William P. Richards, on or about 1 July, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, N.Yd, Phila., Pa.

Maj. Herbert Hardy, on 12 June, detached MC Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Paul R. Cowley on 15 June, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, N.Yd, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Thomas E. Kendrick retired as of 1 August.

Capt. Edward A. Craig, on 25 June, detached from FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to other duty MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Albert L. Gardner, retired as of 1 August.

1st Lt. Walter J. Stuart, on or about 1 July, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, N.Yd, Phila., Pa.

1st Lt. David K. Claude, on or about 1 July, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Basic School, MB, N.Yd, Phila., Pa.

1st Lt. Jaime Sabater, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified, on arrival U. S., assigned to duty on Staff of Basic School, MB, N.Yd, Phila., Pa.

1st Lt. Robert E. Hill, detached MB, NYP, Indian Head, Md., to FMF, MB, Quantico Va.

2nd Lt. Charles Popp, retired as of 1 July.

Qm. Clk. Ollie Bissett, on or about 15 June, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Dept of Supplies, NOB Norfolk Va.

Qm. Clk. Louie F. Shoemaker on 1 July, relieved from duty MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

JUNE 14, 1935.

Maj. Lucian W. Burnham, about 30 June, detached MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada, to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting to 2 Sept.

Maj. Walter P. H. Galliford, about 25 July, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay,

Cuba, to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J. Delay reporting at NAS Lakehurst until 7 Sept.

Maj. Clarence E. Nutting about 1 July, detached MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va., to Recruiting District of Savannah, Savannah, Ga. Delay one month in reporting at Savannah.

Maj. Louis E. Fagan, about 1 August, detached Rectg. Dist. of Savannah, Savannah, Ga., to Rectg. Dist. of Phila., Phila., Pa.

Capt. Merrill B. Twining, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, N.Yd, Phila., for duty on Staff of Basic School.

Capt. Kenneth A. Inman, about 26 June, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Sherman L. Zea detached Dept. of Pacific, to MB, N.Yd, New York, N. Y., via St. Mihiel, sailing San Francisco, Calif., 2 July.

Capt. William M. Mitchell, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via St. Mihiel, sailing San Francisco, Calif., 2 July.

1st Lt. Lee N. Utz, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via St. Mihiel, sailing San Francisco, Calif., 2 July.

1st Lt. Francis M. McAlister, detached Dept. of Pacific, to MB, Quantico, Va., via St. Mihiel, sailing San Francisco, 2 July.

1st Lt. Karl K. Louthier, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, to MB, N.Yd, Phila., Pa., to duty on Staff of Basic School, via St. Mihiel, sailing San Francisco, 2 July.

1st Lt. Paul W. Russell, detached MD, USS "Texas," about 25 June, to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting at MB, Quantico, to 1 August.

1st Lt. James V. Bradley, Jr., detached

## Telling It to the Marines—out loud!

### HANOVER Regulation Khaki Marine Corps Shirts—Slacks

Here are the he-man Shirts and Slacks and we mean they're tough! Every thread and every stitch—has stamina! Whatever you do—fight, fun or frolic—HANOVER Marine Shirts and Slacks will step right along and come out right side up! Easy-fitting but hard to wear out! Tailored the custom-way—but priced to meet a boot's pay check. No laundry (ship or shore) can shrink 'em or fade 'em. Are you listenin'?

Ask for them at any Post Exchange

**Hanover Shirt Co.**  
INC. MARYLAND  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

1st Lt. Jefferson G. Dreyspring, detached MB, N.Yd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, Quantico, Va., via St. Mihiel, sailing Honolulu 18 June.

1st Lt. Walter H. Troxell on 25 June, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va.

1st Lt. Edward H. Forney, Jr., orders to MD, USS "Houston" revoked. Detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

1st Lt. Marvin V. Yandle, retired as of 1 July.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Edward C. Smith, detached Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., via St. Mihiel, sailing San Francisco, 2 July.

JUNE 20, 1935.

Maj. Lucian W. Burnham, orders detaching this officer from MB, NAD, Hawthorne, Nevada, to MB, Quantico, Va., modified; to Hdqrs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C. Authorized to delay in reporting until 10 August.

Capt. Roscoe Arnett, on 3 July, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Capt. Max D. Smith, when directed CO, USS "Saratoga," detached MD that ship to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Ronald A. Boone, on 19 June, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, via SS

"President Harrison," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 19 July. Authorized to delay enroute San Francisco until 18 July.

Capt. Clyde P. Matteson, on discharge treatment Naval Hospital, Wash., D. C., detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

2nd Lt. Thomas J. Colley, on or about 24 July, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, AL, Peiping, China, via SS "President Hayes," sailing Los Angeles, Calif., 29 July.

Ch. Pay Clk. John D. Erwin, about 5 August, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, N.Yd, New York, N. Y. Authorized delay one month in reporting N.Yd, New York.

Ch. Pay Clk. Edward L. Claire, about 5 Sept., detached MB, N.Yd, New York, N. Y., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C. Authorized delay 1 month in reporting.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Norman Rainier detached Dept. of Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay 2 months in reporting.

Ch. Pay Clk. Guy E. Smith, about 25 July, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Mar. Gr. George F. Haubensack, appointed Marine Gunner and assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Mar. Gr. Chester A. Davis, appointed Marine Gunner and assigned to duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

JUNE 24, 1935.

Maj. Joseph T. Smith, about 1 August, detached Recruiting Dist. of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting Quantico until 31 Aug.

Maj. Alton A. Gladden, about 1 August, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting Quantico until 31 August.

Maj. Ray A. Robinson, AQM, about 1 August, detached MB, Puget Sound N.Yd, Bremerton, Wash., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting Quantico until 1 Sept.

Col. James T. Buttrick, on 25 June, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

1st Lt. Col. Edward W. Sturdevant, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., and ordered home to await retirement.

Maj. Samuel P. Budd, on 1 July, detached MB, N.Yd, Phila., Pa., and ordered home to await retirement.

Maj. Lucian W. Burnham, orders to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., cancelled, will carry out order to MB, Quantico, Va., under orders of 10 June.

Maj. Peter C. Geyer, on 15 July, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month reporting at MCB, San Diego.

Maj. George F. Stockes, AQM, about 5 July, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Pierce," sailing Shanghai, about 6 July.

Capt. Robert E. Mills, about 10 July, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, N.Yd, Boston, Mass.

Capt. John F. Talbot, about 1 July, detached MB, N.Yd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, N.Yd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Albert J. Keller, detached Dept. of Pacific, about 1 July, to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay one month reporting MB, Quantico.

1st Lt. Russell N. Jordahl, about 6 July, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, authorized to delay 20 days reporting Dept. of Pacific.

1st Lt. Joseph D. Humphrey, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via August "Chaumont."

Ch. Pay Clk. Frealeigh R. Powers, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via August "Chaumont."

1st Lt. Ernest W. Fry, Jr., detached MB, N.Yd, Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of Pacific, via August "Chaumont."

1st Lt. Samuel S. Yeaton, detached MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I., to Dept. of Pacific, via August "Chaumont."

2nd Lt. James G. Smith, about 1 August, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J. Delay reporting until 31 August.

JUNE 26, 1935.

1st Lt. Col. William W. Buckley, about 1 August, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific.

Maj. Egbert T. Lloyd, about 5 August, detached Rectg. District of Philadelphia, to MB, N.Yd, Phila., Pa.

Capt. Oliver T. Francis, detached from duty with Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va. to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Lawrence R. Kline, on 15 August, detached MD, NP, N.Yd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, USS "Chicago."

Capt. Glenn E. Hayes, about 15 August, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via USS "Chaumont."

1st Lt. Harold I. Larson, about 15 August, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via USS "Chaumont."

1st Lt. Hartnoll J. Withers, on 24 August, detached MD, USS "Chicago," to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting MB, Quantico, until 1 October.

1st Lt. Kenneth W. Benner, about 15 July, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Coast Arty. School, Ft. Monroe, Va. Delay reporting that School until 26 August.

1st Lt. George H. Potter, on 2 July, detached MB, Quantico, Va., FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. John F. Hough, on 1 July, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS "President Johnson," sailing San Francisco, 16 August. Authorized delay enroute San Francisco until 15 August.

2nd Lt. Henry B. Cain, appointed a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps, and assigned to duty at Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa.

2nd Lt. Lewis J. Fields, appointed a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps, and assigned to duty at Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa.

2nd Lt. Michael S. Currin, appointed a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps, and assigned to duty at Basic School, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa.

Qm. Clk. Percy H. Uhlinger, about 1 July, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Following officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 22 June, 1935, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Col. Ross E. Rowell, 14 May, 1935.

Maj. Joseph W. Knighton, 1 June, 1935.

No. 1.

Maj. James A. Mixson, 1 June, 1935.

No. 2.

Capt. Lawrence T. Burke, 1 June, 1935.

No. 1.

Capt. Thomas B. White, 1 June, 1935.

No. 2.

Capt. Thomas J. Walker, Jr., 1 June, 1935.

No. 3.

1st Lt. Ellsworth N. Murray, 2 June, 1935.

No. 3.

1st Lt. Alpha L. Bowser, Jr., 2 June, 1935.

No. 4.

1st Lt. James G. Smith, 2 June, 1935.

No. 17.

1st Lt. Forest C. Thompson, 2 June, 1935.

No. 19.

Capt. Maxwell H. Mizell, 1 June, 1935.

No. 7.

JULY 1, 1935.

Col. John R. Henley, on or about 21 July, detached Naval Prison, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via SS "President Johnson," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 16 August. Authorized delay enroute San Francisco until 15 August.

Lt.-Col. Edward W. Sturdevant, retired as of 1 July, 1935.

Lt.-Col. Harold C. Pierce, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to NEB, MB, Wash., D. C.

Lt.-Col. John Potts, on 5 July, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Fleet Marine Officer, Asiatic Fleet, USS "Augusta," via SS "President Coolidge," sailing San Francisco, 6 September. Authorized delay enroute San Francisco until 5 September.

Maj. Archibald Young, about 5 July, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Pierce," sailing Shanghai, 6 July.

Maj. Martin J. Kelleher, on 5 July, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay in reporting Quantico until 31 August.

Capt. Orin H. Wheeler, on 13 July, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MD, USS "Saratoga." Delay in reporting until 20 August.

Capt. Harry E. Dunkelberger, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, NAD, Oahu, T. H.

Capt. James D. Colomy, on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, assigned to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash. Authorized delay one month in reporting at Puget Sound NYd.

Capt. Moses J. Gould, on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, assigned to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month in reporting at NOB, San Diego.

1st Lt. C. E. Shepard, Jr., on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, assigned to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month in reporting at NOB, San Diego.

1st Lt. Thomas A. Wornham, on 15

July, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Authorized to delay in reporting at Fort Benning until 26 August.

1st Lt. Leslie H. Wellman, relieved present duties MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned FMF, MB, Quantico.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Joseph C. Brochek, on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, assigned MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month reporting NOB, San Diego.

Qm. Clk. Oswald Brosseau, on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, assigned MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month reporting NOB, San Diego.

Ch. Qm. Clk. William J. Gray, on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, assigned Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.

JULY 2, 1935.

Maj. Samuel P. Budd, retired as of 1 September, 1935.

Maj. Robert M. Montague, relieved from duty with Marine Corps Schools and assigned FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., to MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

1st Lt. Frank G. Wagner, Jr., about 17 August, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to report there not later than 26 August.

1st Lt. Donald McP. Weller, about 17 August, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to report there not later than 26 August.

1st Lt. Alpha L. Bowser, Jr., about 17 August, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla., to report there not later than 26 August.

1st Lt. William P. Battell, about 6 August, detached MG, Quantico, Va., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to report there not later than 12 August.

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1st Lt. Charles R. Jones, about 6 August, detached MB, Wash., D. C., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to report there not later than 12 August.

1st Lt. William E. Coleman, on or about 10 August, detached MD, RR, Cape May, N. J., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. Authorized to delay in reporting at Fort Benning until 26 August.

1st Lt. Russell N. Jordahl, when directed by CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached that department to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report not later than 26 August.

1st Lt. James E. Kerr, about 21 August, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to report not later than 26 August.

1st Lt. Robert H. Williams, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Wash., D. C.

2nd Lt. Claude I. Boles, on 1 July, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

JULY 8, 1935.

Lt.-Col. Marion B. Humphrey, detailed an Assistant Paymaster, effective 8 July, 1935.

Maj. William A. Worton, detached Dept. of Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. William P. Richards, about 20 August, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Maj. James W. Webb, on 1 August, de-

tached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Authorized to delay in reporting until 15 August.

Capt. Leo Sullivan, detailed an Assistant Paymaster, effective 8 July, 1935.

Capt. Roscoe Arnett, retired as of 1 September, 1935.

1st Lt. Alva B. Lasswell, on 15 July, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

2nd Lt. Paul J. Shovestul, on 15 August, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Amos E. Potts, detached Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Ch. Qm. Clk. Harold H. Rethman, on reporting Ch. Qm. Clk. Potts, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NOS, San Diego, Calif.

Qm. Clk. Homer Sterling, about 4 Aug., detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Diego 6 August.

JULY 10, 1935.

Following named men appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and assigned to duty at Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Herbert R. Amey, Jr.  
Kenneth D. Bailey.  
Wilmer E. Barnes.  
Elmer E. Brackett, Jr.  
George H. Brockway.  
Custis Burton, Jr.  
Leonard F. Chapman, Jr.  
Dwight M. Cheever.  
Richard H. Crockett.  
Kenyth A. Damke.  
William T. Fairbourn.  
Willard C. Fiske.  
Marvin H. Floom.  
James G. Frazer.  
Dixon Goen.  
Gould P. Groves.  
Frank P. Hager, Jr.  
Dunn C. Hart.  
Bruno A. Hochmuth.  
Ralph L. Houser.  
Kenneth A. Jorgensen.  
William S. McCormick.  
Joe C. McHaney.  
Kenneth F. McLeod.  
Hoyt McMillan.  
Mortimer A. Marks.  
Albert F. Metzke.  
Floyd R. Moore.  
Raymond L. Murray.  
Peter J. Negri.  
Herman Nickerson, Jr.  
John S. Oldfield.  
Wesley M. Platt.  
William E. Proffitt, Jr.  
Carey A. Randall.  
Thomas F. Riley.  
George A. Roll.  
Elmer C. Rowley.  
Harry A. Schmitz.  
John W. Stage.  
Robert E. Stannah.  
Leo E. Sulkosky.  
Alexander B. Swenceski.  
Eugene F. Syms.  
Earl A. Sneider.  
Richard E. Thompson.  
Clayton O. Totman.  
Stanley W. Trachta.  
William J. VanRyzin.  
Harold G. Walker.  
Julian F. Walters.  
Chevey S. White.  
Ronald B. Wilde.

JULY 10, 1935.

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, promoted Major General, on 8 July, 1935, with rank from 14 May, 1935.

Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick, promoted Brigadier General, on 27 June, 1935, with rank from 14 May, 1935.

Maj. Alton A. Gladden, orders detaching this officer from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., dated 21 June, 1935, revoked.

Maj. James M. Bain, on 15 July, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth.

Capt. Luther A. Brown, about 1 October, detached MD, DP, RS, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Richard H. Schubert, on 6 July, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month in reporting at San Diego.

Capt. James M. McHugh, about 22 July, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to report not later than 15 August.

1st Lt. Jaime Sabater, orders to MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Archie E. O'Neill, on 29 July, de-



tached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Wilburt S. Brown, on 29 July, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Kenneth H. Cornell, on 29 July, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Thomas B. Jordan, about 20 July, detached MB, Puget Sound Nyd, Bremerton, Wash., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Lionel C. Goudeau, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Hartnoll J. Withers, orders detaching this officer from MD, USS "Chicago," to MB, Quantico, Va., modified, to assign him duty MD, DP, RS, NOB, Norfolk, Va. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, Norfolk, until 1 October.

1st Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., orders to Dept. of Pacific modified to proceed to Norfolk, Va., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, 30 July, on arrival to proceed duty MB, Parris Island, S. C. Authorized delay one month reporting MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Wilfred J. Huffman, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Frederick B. Winfree, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Ch. Pay Ck. Wilbur W. Raybolt, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Ch. Pay Ck. Fred J. Klingenhagen, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, 30 July.

Pay Ck. Julian B. Bird, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, to MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Diego, 6 August.

#### RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 51)

HEARN, Robert E. L., 6-7-35, Quantico for Quantico.

HOFFMAN, Robert C., 6-7-35, Quantico for 5th Marines, Quantico.

HOPKINS, Edward R., 5-28-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

MARKOS, Kristos, 6-7-35, Quantico for Quantico.

SMITH, Chester A., 6-8-35, New York for NYd, New York.

BERRY, Arthur M., 6-3-35, San Diego for San Diego.

BOSHMAN, John F., 6-8-35, Quantico for Quantico.

CORDELL, Ivy R., 6-2-35, San Diego for San Diego.

FABICK, John, 6-2-35, Puget Sound for San Diego.

LEON, Harry, 6-8-35, Norfolk for Norfolk.

PHINNEY, Paul T., 6-10-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

STENCEL, Kasmer, 6-8-35, Norfolk for Norfolk.

WALKER, William A., 6-8-35, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.

COURTER, Joseph A., Sr., 6-10-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

GARRY, Albert D., 6-5-35, Seattle for Seattle.

BRYAN, William E., Jr., 6-9-35, NYd, Washington, D. C., for Portsmouth, Va.

CARLSON, August W., 5-15-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.

DeWITT, Joseph C., 6-10-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

GRIEVES, Frank R., 6-10-35, Quantico for Quantico.

HENDERSHOT, Clarence E., 6-8-35, New York for Bremerton.

LaBARR, Elmer F., 6-5-35, San Diego for San Diego.

LOTZ, Carl C., 5-13-35, Cavite for Cavite.

SANDERS, Frederick C., 6-10-35, Quantico for Quantico.

SCHWAB, Joseph L., 6-10-35, Quantico for Quantico.

SPENCER, Earl T., 6-10-35, Norfolk for Asiatic Station.

STEFFEN, Alexander, 5-18-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.

SALLEY, Henry R., 6-10-35, Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.

HANSON, Roy E., 6-10-35, Chicago for Quantico.

CROUCH, Harry P., 6-12-35, Washington, D. C., for NYd, Washington, D. C.

KOWALAK, Albert, 6-12-35, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.

NICOLAI, Raymond A., 6-10-35, San Francisco for San Diego.

GHOLSON, Amon K., 6-14-35, Portsmouth, Va., for Hingham, Mass.

GUY, Ernest L., 6-10-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

BROWN, Charles D., 6-13-35, Macon for Parris Island.

FURRI, Lloyd B., 6-13-35, Savannah for Dover, N. J.

NICHOLSON, Lorenzo A., 6-13-35, Savannah for So. Charleston, W. Va.

BARNSON, Sherman S., 6-12-35, San Francisco for San Diego.

DOWNEY, Albert M., 6-12-35, San Francisco for Mare Island.

NEILAN, Nason L., 6-10-35, Seattle for Bremerton.

BASSETT, Wilfred E., 6-9-35, USS "Utah" for USS "Utah."

BECK, William D., 6-8-35, USS "Utah" for Asiatic Station.

FRISBEE, Willie C., 6-15-35, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.

HAUBENSACK, George F., 6-9-35, San Diego for San Diego.

KONOPKA, Joseph, 6-6-35, USS "Utah" for 6th Marines, FMF.

LeCLAIR, Ralph E., 6-8-35, San Diego for San Diego.

MAHAFFEY, Adger C., 6-10-35, San Diego for San Diego.

MUDGETT, Carson, 6-8-35, San Diego for San Diego.

ERNST, Robert B., 6-17-35, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs., USMC.

HOSKINS, Jacob D., 6-17-35, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs., USMC.

DAVIS, Charles W., 6-15-35, Quantico for Quantico.

JONES, Elmer, 6-14-35, Quantico for Quantico.

DUNLAP, Lewis J., 6-18-35, Pittsburgh for Quantico.

HERMAN, Anthony F., 6-18-35, Baltimore for Philadelphia.

ADAMS, Russell C., 6-14-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.

AGNONE, Frank C., 5-20-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.

ALVIS, Thomas C., 6-18-35, Quantico for Quantico.

STAINBROOK, Wallace K., 6-18-35, Dover, N. J., for Dover, N. J.

WHITE, Charles T., 6-18-35, Quantico for Quantico.

WILSON, Gerald F., 6-16-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

PETERSON, Roy P., 6-18-35, Boston for Asiatic.

WEGLEY, Raymond E., 6-19-35, Iona Island for Iona Island.

ROBINSON, John W., 6-18-35, New Orleans for Parris Island.

BOND, Exton, 6-15-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

BRENDT, Lee, 6-14-35, San Diego for San Diego.

JELEK, Alexander, 6-12-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

STRAASS, Norman W. W., 6-15-35, San Diego for San Diego.

TENNY, James W., 6-21-35, New York for 3rd Bn., FMCR, Sea Girt, N. J.

WEDMON, Otto W. H., 6-21-35, New York for Cavite.

NOE, Louis L., 6-16-35, San Diego for San Diego.

TROUTMAN, George A., 6-21-35, Quantico for Quantico.

HUMPHREY, Frederick M., 6-18-35, San Diego for San Diego.

KRUSZKOWSKI, Frank, 6-22-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

WADE, Theodore E., 6-18-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.

ARBES, Sylvester J., 6-19-35, San Diego for San Diego.

MONTWILL, Joseph, Jr., 6-24-35, Quantico for Quantico.

BANKLER, James, 5-22-35, Olongapo for Olongapo.

BRACKEN, Millard, 6-24-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.

CARTWRIGHT, Floyd M., 6-25-35, Quantico for Quantico.

RUDOLPH, Norman, 6-25-35, Newport for Newport.

GREEN, Dennis W., 6-26-35, Lakehurst for Lakehurst.

RAWLINGS, George A., 6-26-35, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.

SANDERS, Clarence W., 6-20-35, San Diego for San Diego.

WEISS, Louis J., 6-21-35, Sunnyvale for Sunnyvale.

MYREL, Edward, 6-26-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

MAHON, Cecil, 6-27-35, Quantico for Quantico.

STOCKTON, Don A., 6-22-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

WESTON, Harry, 6-26-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.

WOMBLE, Everett W., 6-25-35, Pensacola for Pensacola.

DOWNEY, Joseph J., 6-27-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

HONNOLD, Dean R., 6-24-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

HOPKINS, William R., 6-28-35, Quantico for Quantico.

SMALL, Richard J., 6-3-35, Olongapo for Olongapo.

#### U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 51)

Cpl. Wm. J. Scales—WC to Philadelphia.

JUNE 19, 1935.

Cpl. Philip E. Nolan—Pearl Harbor to PI.

JUNE 20, 1935.

Sgt. Frederick Hacker—WC to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Jack R. Bishop—WC to PI.

Cpl. John E. Haskin—USS "Lexington" to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Purvis Sparks—MB, Washington, D. C., to San Diego.

Cpl. Jas. C. Barnett—FMF, Quantico to NYd, D. C.

JUNE 21, 1935.

Gy-Sgt. Geo. W. Cannon—Quantico to FMF.

Cpl. Jos. I. Sullivan—Quantico to FMF.

JUNE 22, 1935.

Sgt. Virgil Jennings—Philadelphia to DofS, Philadelphia.

JUNE 24, 1935.

Cpl. Nelson A. Wheeler—FMF to Great Lakes.

Cpl. Raydee W. Pierce—PI to New York.

Cpl. John M. Picarski—FMF, San Diego to FMF, Quantico.

JUNE 25, 1935.

Cpl. Leslie J. Hall—WC to Norfolk.

Cpl. Orville Keiter—FMF, San Diego to Keyport.

JUNE 26, 1935.

QM. Sgt. John F. Oesterle—PI to Indian Head.

QM. Sgt. Guy F. Tabor—Indian Head to PI.

Cpl. Salvatore J. Bartlett—MCRPD to Philadelphia, AS.

Cpl. Vance W. Collins—Quantico to NYd, Washington, D. C.

Cpl. Eugene A. Kight—Quantico to NYd, Washington, D. C.

Sgt. Jos. G. Arsenault—Quantico to MCL.

Cpl. Michael Bialek—NYd, Washington to Asiatic.

Cpl. Leonard A. Carlson—FMF to Philadelphia.

JUNE 27, 1935.

Cpl. Louis Tager—PI to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Sgt. Harvey R. King—FMF, San Diego to Asiatic.

Sgt. Henry A. Bedell—FMF, San Diego to Pearl Harbor.

JUNE 28, 1935.

1st Sgt. A. E. Buckner—San Diego to Aircraft One, FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Robt. C. Lincoln—Quantico to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Frank Witt—Guantanamo to Charleston.

JUNE 29, 1935.

Cpl. Robert J. Corbett—Coco Solo to Asiatic.

Cpl. Luther F. Bracwell—Indian Head to Coco Solo.

Cpl. Beauford Griffin—Indian Head to Guantanamo.

## Headquarters Bulletin

### PUBLIC RELATIONS—CONTACT OFFICERS

With the exception of the activities of the contact officers at Parris Island, Honolulu and San Diego, the work done by the remaining contact officers fails to show that the proper interest is being taken in this important work.

It is requested that all commanding officers instruct their contact officers to show more interest in the matter of public relations, as much valuable material for stories is being overlooked.

### DUES—MARINE CORPS ASSOCIATION

It has been brought to the attention of the Major General Commandant that there are several members of the Marine Corps Association who have not paid their 1933 dues and that there are an appreciable number who have not paid their 1934 dues. Commanding officers will please bring this to the attention of the officers at their posts. It must be realized that the Marine Corps Association cannot operate unless dues are paid, and it must also be realized by delinquent members that they are not acting fairly toward the brother officers who do pay their dues.

## CARE OF RIFLES

It is noticed that rifles are being turned in by men due for discharge which are badly pitted. In all of these cases the men concerned had been former members of machine gun companies. In each case the man stated that he had been required to turn his rifle into the company store-room immediately after firing the qualification course. The rifle had one cleaning which resulted in the bore becoming pitted.

Attention of all officers is invited to Article 5-51, Marine Corps Manual, which governs inspection, care and cleaning of rifles. In all cases where men armed with the rifle are temporarily attached to machine gun companies or other units where they are habitually armed with the pistol and their rifles are placed in storage, the officers responsible will take the necessary steps to see that such rifles are inspected at regular intervals and especially after the rifles have been fired. Rifles will not be placed in storage until they have been properly cleaned and oiled, a sufficient number of times to insure that the bore will not sweat and rust.

## ALLOTMENTS

In the preparation of allotments for the payment of premiums on converted insurance or for payments on converted loans to the Veterans' Administration, the allottee in either case is the Treasurer of the United States. In this connection, attention is invited to Articles 27-32 and 28-134 (3), Marine Corps Manual.

It is requested that allotments forwarded to the Marine Corps Allotment office by Assistant Paymasters, Special Disbursing Agents, and deputies of Assistant Paymasters, be transmitted by separate letter for each month's allotments.

## NOTICE TO ALL ASSISTANT PAYMASTERS, SPECIAL DISBURSING AGENTS, AND ASSISTANT PAYMASTERS' DEPUTIES

### Lost

Deposit Record Book No. 82124 in the case of Private First Class Arthur Miller, U. S. Marine Corps, who enlisted 1 March, 1932. If located, please forward to The Paymaster, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps.

### REFINISHING OF RIFLES

Report has been received to the effect that stocks of numerous rifles in the hands of men have been shellaced and varnished. Attention is invited to the fact that such treatment is contrary to the provisions of the second sentence of Article 17-42, Marine Corps Manual, and is injurious to the rifle. This practice will be discontinued, and all rifles with shellaced or varnished stocks in the hands of enlisted men will be restored to the original finish, using only linseed oil in the treatment of the stocks.

## RESERVE CHANGES

### Appointments

2nd Lt. DeWitt Snow, Seattle, Washington, with rank from 7 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. John S. Twitchell, Seattle, Washington, with rank from 7 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Albert J. Stone, Jr., New York, N. Y., with rank from 7 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Clarence C. Chapman, Seattle, Washington, with rank from 7 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Carl W. Tomlin, Washington, D. C., with rank from 25 May, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Joseph M. Stinson, Atlanta, Georgia, with rank from 14 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Victor E. Taylor, Toledo, Ohio, with rank from 14 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Bert W. Hardy, Jr., Toledo, Ohio, with rank from 14 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Harold M. Wilson, Toledo, Ohio, with rank from 14 June, 1935.  
1st Lt. John E. Storr, Chicago, Illinois, with rank from 25 May, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Edmund M. Williams, San Francisco, Calif., with rank from 14 June, 1935.

### Promotions

Capt. Burdette Hagerman, Detroit, Michigan, with rank from 25 May, 1935.  
1st Lt. George I. Springer, St. Paul, Minn., with rank from 25 May, 1935.  
1st Lt. Carl L. Jelly, Seattle, Washington, with rank from 25 May, 1935.  
Capt. Ralph W. King, Morgantown, W. Virginia, with rank from 14 June, 1935.  
1st Lt. Justice Chambers, Chevy Chase, Maryland, with rank from 14 June, 1935.  
1st Lt. R. R. Hill, Washington, D. C., with rank from 14 June, 1935.  
1st Lt. Otho L. Regero, Washington, D. C., with rank from 14 June, 1935.

### Discharged

1st Lt. Richard G. Ahern, 12 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. William F. Lumsden, 12 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Harold Humphrey, 14 June, 1935.  
2nd Lt. Nassell F. Wharry, 19 June, 1935.

## Assigned

2nd Lt. James M. McQueen, accepted to take effect 13 June, 1935.

## TENTATIVE SAILINGS

### Vessels of the Naval Transportation Service

ANTARES—Arrive Boston 3 July, leave 10 July; arrive New York 12 July, leave 17 July; arrive Philadelphia 18 July, leave 23 July; arrive NOB Norfolk 24 July. Will remain at NOB Norfolk until further orders.

CHAUMONT—Leave Honolulu 1 July; arrive Guam 11 July, leave 12 July; arrive Manila 16 July, leave 20 July; arrive Woosung 24 July, leave 24 July; arrive Chinwangtao 25 July, leave 28 July; arrive Chefoo 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive Tsingtao 31 July, leave 1 August; arrive Shanghai 2 August, leave 12 August; arrive Hongkong 14 August, leave 15 August; arrive Manila 17 August, leave 21 August; arrive Guam 27 August, leave 28 August; arrive Honolulu 8 September, leave 10 September; arrive San Francisco 17 September, leave 1 October.

HENDERSON—Arrive Honolulu 5 July, leave 8 July; arrive San Francisco 16 July, leave 30 July; arrive San Pedro 1 August, leave 3 August; arrive San Diego 3 August, leave 6 August; arrive Canal Zone 17 August, leave 20 August; arrive Guantanamo 23 August, leave 23 August; arrive NOB Norfolk 27 August, leave 10 September.

NITRO—Leave Norfolk 6 July; arrive Philadelphia 7 July, leave 12 July; arrive New York 13 July, leave 15 July; arrive

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Of Quantico, Va.

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Newport 16 July, leave 16 July; arrive Boston 17 July, leave 20 July; arrive Iona Island 22 July, leave 31 July; arrive NOB Norfolk 1 August, leave 10 August; arrive Guantanamo 14 August, leave 14 August; arrive Canal Zone 17 August, leave 20 August; arrive San Diego 30 August, leave 4 September; arrive San Pedro 5 September, leave 11 September; arrive Mare Island 13 September, leave 26 September; arrive Puget Sound 29 September, leave 7 October; arrive Mare Island 10 October, leave 19 October; arrive San Pedro 21 October, leave 24 October; arrive San Diego 25 October, leave 29 October; arrive Canal Zone 8 November, leave 11 November; arrive Guantanamo 14 November, leave 14 November; arrive NOB Norfolk 18 November.

RAMAPO—Under repairs at Mare Island. Date of completion indeterminate.

SALINAS—Leave Norfolk 9 July; arrive Guantanamo 14 July, leave 15 July; arrive Port Arthur 20 July, leave 22 July; arrive Norfolk 29 July.

SIRIUS—Leave Mare Island 11 July; arrive Puget Sound 14 July, leave 21 July; arrive Seattle 22 July. Special duty with Alaskan Survey Expedition and Friblof Island Expedition. Date of return to Puget Sound indeterminate.

VEGA—Arrive Canal Zone 9 July, leave 12 July; arrive Guantanamo 15 July, leave 15 July; arrive Norfolk 19 July, leave 29 July; arrive Philadelphia 30 July, leave 5 August; arrive New York 6 August, leave 10 August; arrive Boston 12 August, leave 17 August; arrive New York 19 August, leave 24 August; arrive Philadelphia 25 August, leave 29 August; arrive Norfolk 30 August. VEGA will be under overhaul at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, from 9 September to 29 October.

## TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sgt. John P. Sheridan, Class 11(d), FMCR, June 21, 1935. Future address: 106 W. 87th Street, New York, N. Y.  
1st Sgt. Benjamin Franklin Ashby, Class 11(d), FMCR, June 28, 1935. Future address: 4017 66th Avenue, N. E., Portland, Oregon.  
Sgt. John W. McCafferty, Class 11(d),

July 31, 1935. Future address: 806 Mokauka Street, Honolulu, T. H.  
Cpl. Amos S. Johnson, Class 11(b), June 28, 1935. Future address: 2155 North 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sgt. Maj. Thomas L. Miller, Class 11(d), FMCR, July 1, 1935. Future address: Room 303, Westory Bldg., 14th and F Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
Sgt. Maj. Ramon Szumigalski, Class 11(d), July 5, 1935. Future address: 430 Leroy Avenue, Buffalo, New York.  
1st Sgt. Henry R. Hinson, Class 11(d), July 8, 1935. Future address: General Delivery, Little Rock, Arkansas.

## RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

Gy-Sgt. James M. Sills, FMCR, July 1, 1935.  
Sgt. Maj. Herbert G. Spencer, FMCR, July 1, 1935.  
Staff Sgt. Joseph Dietz, USMC, August 1, 1935.  
Gy-Sgt. Harry E. Nale, FMCR, July 1, 1935.  
Staff Sgt. John D. Lockburner, USMC, July 1, 1935.  
1st Sgt. John J. Eagle, USMC, June 30, 1935.

## PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Louis W. Brunelle  
Oliver W. Ostmyer  
James E. Wyckle

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT:

James W. Tweedy, Jr.  
Dale B. Paull  
Allen F. Stockdale

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Robert E. Holmes  
John F. Haszek  
Ira W. Moffett  
Albert Simpson  
Charles Ckaminsky  
Paul O. Flucht  
Gustav L. Nordstrom  
Delor R. Shadna  
Ford G. Brabon  
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Vernie E. Boyd  
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Fillmore L. Grogory  
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Norman A. Terpsten

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT:

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William B. Hanger  
Cliff Blackmon  
Wren F. Thiebaud, Jr.  
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Stanley C. Nevedomsky  
Phil D. Burden  
John A. Lochner  
James V. Valentour  
James H. Hanson  
Roy P. Thurston

## DEATHS

EASTMAN, Nedom Angier, Major, retired, died June 7, 1935, of pneumonia, at Tiger, Georgia. Next of kin: Mrs. Bessie Dobson Eastman, wife, Bella Vista, Falls of Schuylkill, Philadelphia, Pa.

CRAIN, Ward Wills, Private, died June 18, 1935, at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. Thomas C. Crain, father, Route No. 4, Ozark, Missouri.

DONART, Leslie Straw, Corporal, died June 23, 1935, at Hawthorne, Nevada. Next of kin: Mr. Clement F. Donart, father, 135 Kepler Street, Van Wert, Ohio.

THROWER, Wiley Jenkins, Private, died June 14, 1935, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Murphy Bennette, sister, Lumberton, N. C.

GADREAU, Joseph, Staff Sergeant, retired, died June 2, 1935, of cerebral hemorrhage, at Kings Mountain Memorial Hospital, Bristol, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Matilda E. Gadreau, wife, 540 Summit Street, Bristol, Virginia.

# MARINE ODDITIES

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THE STORY "NOTHING EXCITING" WRITTEN BY CHRISTY BORTH, STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE DETROIT FREE PRESS, PUBLISHED IN THE LEATHERNECK JANUARY 1932 WAS SELECTED BY THE O. HENRY MEMORIAL COMMITTEE AS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING SHORT-SHORT STORIES OF THE YEAR. IN THE SAME ISSUE, "THE ANTING-ANTING OF BUSUBUSIG", BY HAPSBURG-LIEBE RECEIVED HONORABLE MENTION IN THE SELECTION OF SHORT STORIES.

Jickson



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FRANK PORTER GRAHAM ENLISTED IN THE MARINE CORPS JULY 3, 1917 AS A PRIVATE AND WAS DISCHARGED JULY 12, 1919 AS FIRST LIEUTENANT. HE IS THE PRESENT PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

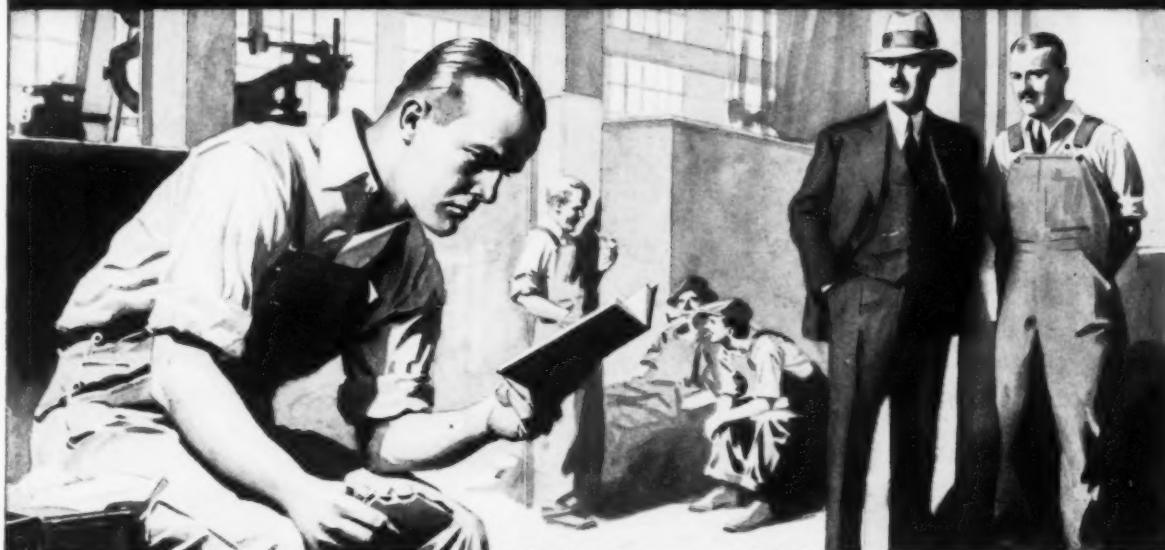
THREE CROMMETS — ONE DESK FIELD — SIX TACKS, THUMB — GONG TRUCK, SA TON ETC ETC



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